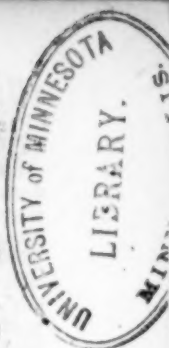


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[A Literary Supplement, devoted to new books, is issued with this number; and another will appear next week.]

NOTES.

THE Seven Days' War is at an end. The Greek Regulars seem to have fought fairly well so long as there was a hope of success, but the stray leaven of undisciplined Irregulars turned defeat into disaster and disaster into a disgraceful stampede. As Reuter's Correspondent says, all through the dreadful night "the mere mention of the Turks was sufficient to create a frenzied rush in any direction." We cannot help comparing this description with the words used by Sir William Harcourt in his speech at Newport on Tuesday. Bold as ever in words, the Falstaff of debate declared that "the Greeks of to-day in their splendid daring and their undauntable (*sic*) valour (cheers) have shown themselves worthy of the race from which they spring (loud cheers), worthy descendants of the men who early in this century fought their way through fire and sword to freedom."

Poor Sir William Harcourt! The "undauntable valour" is an absurdly inaccurate commentary on the description of what Reuter's Correspondent calls "a perfect Pandemonium." "In their insane terror, soldiers, Irregulars and armed peasants, commenced to fire their rifles in all directions; from front and rear, right and left, bullets whizzed, the reports being scarcely heard above the roar of human voices and the screaming of terror-stricken animals." Sir William Vernon Harcourt should have known something about those undisciplined and, to use a word he himself might have coined, "undisciplinable" Greeks before he committed himself to such extravagant eulogy. It would probably have been better for the Greeks had they only used their Regular troops in a guerilla warfare: for that is the only form of fighting that could be effective against overwhelming superiority of numbers.

It must be remembered, however, that all troops are subject to panic, with the solitary exception, perhaps, of the little Gurkhas, who have never yet turned tail and bolted. Sikhs and Pathans have had "nerves" as badly as the French troops in '70, and, as we all know, Tommy Atkins has suffered more than once from "the jumps" to a painful degree. He had bad moments in New Zealand, and Roberts himself has admitted that the garrison at Candahar was almost as resolute as water poured out upon the ground. A friend who was at the battle of MacNeill's Zareba in the Soudan tells us that in the night after the Arab rush had been stopped, a mule got loose, and forthwith our soldiers,

Guardsmen included, fired off round after round of ammunition, in spite of the remonstrances and orders of the officers. Fancy the scene! Six thousand picked British troops firing off twelve rounds of ammunition over a runaway mule; while miles away in Suakim men on the housetops pointed out to each other the British squares outlined in flame. But nothing in our military history, not even the shameful retreat from Burgos, seems to have been comparable to this stampede of the Greeks.

We do not know who Reuter's Special Correspondent with the Greek forces is, and therefore our praise may be taken as at least sincere when we say that his description of the stampede to Larissa is most dramatic and is the best piece of literary work that this campaign has produced. Next in point of value to this are the various articles written we believe by Mr. Steevens, of the "Daily Mail," who was with Edhem Pasha and the Turks, and who has described a modern battle from the outside excellently; it begins, it appears, with the artillery duel, and goes on from roars and pops to the flashes and rattling of the infantry advance. When a shell bursts, he talks of "the little tin soldiers falling," and the simile is dreadfully effective. "Still they are advancing," he says of the Turks, "always advancing," and the phrase contains a subtle suggestion of the indomitable courage which has always distinguished the Turkish soldier. Now we are promised in the "Westminster Gazette" Mr. Stephen Crane's impressions of the war; but we doubt whether they will be more accurate or even more effective than those we have already received. It is something, as your blacksmith knows, to have your metal at the right point of temperature, and the English public is already beginning to cool off in regard to this Grecian matter.

But what will the outcome of the war be? M. Delyanni has been dismissed and M. Ralli appointed Premier in his stead, and we hope that this change of Ministers in Athens will be followed by a change of policy. M. Ralli should immediately withdraw Colonel Vassos and his troops from Crete and petition the Powers to stand between the Greeks and annihilation. We hear from Constantinople that the Turks are mightily lifted up in heart because of their successes, and that they will demand material advantages in Crete at least as a condition of peace. But the Turks will do well to moderate their expectations; they will not be allowed, in any event, to increase their holdings in Christian Europe. We are glad to see that the announcement has already been made in Petersburg that the "status quo ante" is all the Turk can hope for. If the Greeks recall Vassos at once and put themselves in the hands of the Powers

they will have learned a salutary lesson at a very small cost. Their injudicious friends in Parliament and the Press, we notice, are not so vehement now as they were before the collapse of the Greek army.

The Budget speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was highly interesting in itself as well as satisfactory. Last year our finances, he said, had appeared to be on "the crest of the wave"; but this year the prosperity of the country was still greater. The National Debt has been reduced in the last twelve months by more than 7½ millions, and there was a surplus of £3,470,000, which had chiefly gone in strengthening our military position. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's forecast for the coming year was eminently hopeful; he reckons on expending for Imperial purposes £102,000,000 in round figures, and calculates upon a surplus of £1,500,000. Of this surplus he intends to spend half a million on the Navy (a bold demand on the part of Mr. Goschen which will be applauded in all quarters); £200,000 on an increase of the South African garrison; £350,000 on various Post Office reforms, and £500,000 on Scotch and Irish Technical Education and Jubilee entertainments.

The only item in this account which lends itself to criticism is the increase in our South African garrison, and this was promptly and ably used for all it was worth by Sir William Harcourt as "the fly in the pot of ointment" of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Liberal leader declared that this expenditure was unnecessary and provocative, and charged Mr. Chamberlain with having done his best to exasperate sentiment and bring about a racial war in South Africa. He pointed, too, to the recent vote in the Cape Assembly as a declaration in favour of peace and a rebuke to the Colonial Secretary. Mr. Chamberlain retorted angrily that this expenditure of £200,000 was only taken to counterbalance a military expenditure of a million sterling on the part of the Transvaal Government, and asserted finally that his only desire was to maintain in its integrity the Convention of 1884. This is very well as far as it goes; every one in South Africa is willing to maintain the Convention; the only question at issue there seems to be whether the Alien Law of the Transvaal Government does or does not constitute a breach of that agreement. We agree with Mr. Chamberlain that it is a technical breach of the Convention; but we have no doubt that when the Volksraad meets the Alien Law will be modified or suspended to meet the wishes of her Majesty's Government. It is all a storm in a teapot, to be conjured into calm by kindly words. But when the British Government begins to spend money in increasing our garrison and ordering the fleet in hottest haste to Delagoa Bay the situation becomes strained. Every one knows that the Transvaal expenditure was resolved upon as a protective measure after the Jameson raid; there is nothing threatening in it as there is in an increase in Imperial military expenditure. But Mr. Chamberlain may hector safely; the Boers will modify the Alien Law, and we shall have spent £200,000 for the pleasure of having a strong (!) Colonial Secretary.

There was a fair attendance of members in the House of Commons when they reassembled on Monday after the brief vacation. But, as we anticipated, their proceedings were not distinguished by any startling exhibition of energy. Far from it. On this very first day of meeting the House was counted out at a quarter past nine. The second reading of the Necessitous Board Schools had exhausted its small stock of industry. So determined were members not to be detained any longer, that at least 150 of them were to be seen outside the door when the count-out took place; they would not be put to the trouble of making up the necessary quorum. This curious trait of the present House was in evidence again the next day, Tuesday. After a short and unimportant debate the House was counted out a second time this week—two hours earlier than before. Ten minutes before the count out there were between 140 and 150 members actually in the House. Is there not something very human about this anxiety to shirk work?

When will the Government see the propriety of getting under way with a scheme of Commercial Federation? Its spokesmen have told us during the past year that it was only waiting for a move on the Colonial side: a disingenuous and paltry excuse, seeing how persistently the Colonies have hammered at the doors of Downing Street, and how persistently the doors have been kept closed. But Canada has taken Downing Street at its word with a vengeance. She has inaugurated a preferential tariff in favour of the Motherland, without waiting for the slow development of a Federation scheme, and without asking for any compensating preference at British ports. And she has made those wise economists of the Liberal party who laughed at the possibility of a preferential tariff, and at the likelihood of wide-awake Colonies accepting it, look extremely foolish.

But we are moving in the direction of fiscal sanity, even at home. Mr. Balfour of course refused on behalf of the Government to accept Sir Howard Vincent's Fair-trade motion on Tuesday, and, equally of course, he brought his Compensating Balance theory out for an airing; though we gratefully note that its rigid inaccuracy (as delivered last November at Sheffield) was qualified in such a manner that it lost much of its point. But much more important was the First Lord's admission that he did not regard our fiscal system as absolutely perfect; it offered so small a taxable area, "and it might be that some modification of the existing system from that point of view might become at a future date absolutely necessary." So the Treasury Bench no longer bows its official knee to the image which Cobden the prophet set up.

Innocent as the Service Franchise Bill, read a second time on Wednesday, appeared to be, the House looked askance upon it, partly because certain of its provisions had all the air of a gerrymandering expedient, but mainly because under an appearance of humility it hid an important constitutional change. The speech in which Mr. Harry Marks moved the second reading was admirable in both manner and matter. It was just short enough to give the impression that the Bill merely proposed to restore the franchise to the police and the shop assistants disfranchised by the judgment of the Court of Appeal in 1896, and not long enough to reveal the objectionable features of its provisions. Sir Charles Dilke with his usual perspicacity at once exposed the opportunities for fraud the Bill would give to employers who wanted to manufacture votes in quantities, and he mercilessly dissected its provisions. If the Bill becomes law in its present form it will simply institute manhood suffrage for a certain class of electors, and the Hon. Baronet forcibly pointed out the mistake the Conservatives would make in supporting the proposals of the Bill unless they were prepared to accept the principle of manhood suffrage in its entirety.

Mr. M'Kenna and Mr. Knox both developed the two points of opposition to the Bill clearly and briefly, and Colonel Hughes summed up the whole case with admirable cogency. The Bill was read a second time, but its opponents effectually scotched it in the subsequent proceedings. Mr. Marks wanted it referred to the Grand Committee on Law, where its subsequent progress would have been easy and rapid, but Mr. Balfour was appealed to, and agreed that, as the Bill so far as it went was a Reform Bill, the House ought to retain it within its control through all its stages. Mr. Marks had to be content, therefore, with the second reading, and he will be more than lucky if he gets it through the Committee stage.

Sir "Blunderer" Maple, of Tottenham Court Road, Linendraper and General House Furnisher, did not distinguish himself in this debate. The fact is that the worthy Sir Blunderer has no claim to distinction beyond that of being an excellent shopkeeper, and in that particular walk of life his success shows him to be possessed of considerable ability. In the House of Commons he is absolutely lost—which only proves what has been proved over and over again, that it requires something more than the mere faculties of a

shopkeeper to guide and govern a nation. The narrow sphere of a shopkeeper's activities develops the microscopic at the expense of the telescopic qualities of the mind. In his manner of speaking Sir Blunderer is unfortunate. He takes himself very seriously, and bores the House to death with his genuine earnestness about unimportant matters. In argument his chief characteristic is extreme incoherency, and when he lets himself go Sir Blunderer shows an unedifying tendency to bluster. Still, he enjoys some popularity in the House, owing to an air of heartiness and a liberal hospitality.

On Monday the Workmen's Accident Bill will be introduced, and the House will then have before it the first instalment of that "Social Programme" on which the General Election was largely won. Everything points to quick and easy passage for what will in effect be a measure of workmen's insurance. When Mr. Asquith wrecked his Bill rather than accept the Lords' amendment sanctioning the existence of private insurance funds, he simply played into Mr. Chamberlain's hands; and although the Colonial Secretary's name will not be on the back of Sir Matthew White Ridley's Bill, its passage will none the less be a triumph for the Birmingham policy. By establishing the workman's right to compensation for all accidental injuries incurred in the course of his employment, an immense impulse will be given to the establishment of insurance funds such as have proved of great value on the London and North-Western Railway and elsewhere, and masters and men who at present have to fight out their cases in the County Court, to the great profit of the solicitors employed, will settle their claims and liabilities in a friendly joint committee. The "forward" type of Trades-Unionist, whose existence depends on the fomenting of disputes, is of course furious at the prospect; but the recent speech of Mr. Burt, M.P., shows that some at least of the workmen's leaders are not prepared to stand in the way of the most substantial boon ever offered to the working classes by Parliament.

Irish political squabbles have ceased to possess any political significance, but the formal secession of Mr. Harrington from the Redmondite group is worth passing notice, for Mr. Harrington once was a man of considerable importance. He combines a certain uncouth strength and directness of expression with a marked capacity for organization, and this led to his being selected by Mr. Parnell as the head organizer of the Land League, in which capacity he was in his way the most influential man in Ireland, and was, with the absconded Sheridan, the special bogey of Mr. Forster and the "Times." The ethical ideas of Upper O'Connell Street in those days of storm and stress were, perhaps, not those of an advanced civilization, and some queer things were done and sanctioned and paid for by the "Central"; but, on the whole, "Tim" Harrington's desire was in his rough way to do justice and to keep in check, not always successfully, the wilder spirits of the movement. When the split came he clung with dogged and unswerving fidelity to Mr. Parnell, which is more than can be said for some of those who are now loudest in invoking his name; but he has neither the means nor the manners necessary for a popular leader, and he has been steadily falling back into obscurity. He still holds "United Ireland," and probably possesses a backing among the scattered Fenians in the Far West; but in spite of the belated sympathy of Archbishop Walsh he no longer counts, and will probably either drop out of politics or enrol himself under the not uncongenial banner of Mr. Healy.

The Paris correspondents do not seem to have discovered yet that there is a strong feeling of resentment in wine-growing France at the prospect of the new Dingley tariff. The vineyards have now completely recovered from the phylloxera and other exterminating plagues, and since 1894, when the duty was slightly reduced, high hopes have been entertained of a return to the old days when the Transatlantic trade was so profitable to Bordeaux. France had even been talking of reducing the duties on American provisions in return for fresh concessions, but now the proposal to double

at one stroke the charges on wines has filled all Southern France with dismay. It is a stupid measure, for a relaxation of duties would probably lead to such an increase of imports as would more than compensate the Washington Treasury; but the Californian Senators demand their pound of flesh, and so it appears the importation of drinkable wines is to receive a knock-down blow. With the increase of wealth and the growth of great cities the consumption of something that passes for wine must have enormously increased in America, yet the exports from France, which in 1852, when the population of the United States was only 25,000,000, reached 230,000 hectolitres, has fallen to something like a quarter of that amount.

The disgraceful Peters case is the main subject of discussion in Berlin this week amongst those who wish to see Germany take a respectable place amongst African colonizing Powers. Dr. Peters is the gentleman who crowned a career of brutality in German East Africa by hanging one of his numerous coloured wives for the crime of preferring a rival's attractions to his own. This form of patriarchal government was too much even for the German Colonial Office, and the Doctor was recalled and an investigation ordered. The result was to establish the charges completely; but when on Tuesday Herr von Botticher was asked what steps he intended to take for the criminal prosecution of Peters, he answered that a German Colony was Foreign Soil, and that the German Courts had no jurisdiction. The answer is so absurdly at variance with the practice of civilized Powers since colonies first existed, that one can only surmise that some higher powers have intervened to shield the uxorious Doctor. "A native chief," it was explained, "would have acted precisely as Dr. Peters had done," and as in any case it was impossible to ascertain what was the law in such cases among "the wild native races of Kilima-Njaro" the Government intended to do nothing!

There is to be no contest at Crewe after all—at least, not just at present. Mr. Ward, who was generally thought to have made an application for the Chiltern Hundreds, never did anything of the sort: he only contemplated doing so, it seems, and he has been induced to think better of it. So Mr. Walter McLaren's chance of winning back the seat must be postponed until a more fitting season. But who is responsible for the amazing piece of stupidity that led even the Unionists to choose their candidate, and to make all preparations for a lively contest? Was it the agent, or Mr. Ward himself? Were party exigencies, whatever they may be, at the bottom of the matter, or was it all a joke? Whatever the reason, whether vacillation on the part of the member or precipitateness on the part of the local agent (a very convenient scapegoat), the blunder is not calculated to increase Mr. Ward's popularity in the Crewe Division. We would suggest also in a friendly way to that gentleman, that his occasional presence at a division in the House would be a compliment, if not a duty, to the men who returned him as their representative, and might even improve the Unionist position in a constituency which needs to be assiduously cultivated if it is to be prevented from going back to its old love.

It is said that the Chinese have at last decided on fortifying the port of Kiao-chiao—which has been named so frequently in connexion with Russian projects—for themselves. Kiao-chiao was well in the running when Port Arthur and Weihaiwei were selected; but the situation of the latter, at the entrance to the Gulf of Pecheli, impressed the Chinese mind. Now that confidence in their value has been shaken, Kiao-chiao has come again to the fore; and it is in contemplation to establish a naval yard there, with dry docks big enough for the largest vessels. From a strategical point of view the decision is, no doubt, wise; for, although the harbour will require dredging, it is superior to either Port Arthur or Weihaiwei in point of capacity for fortification and defence. But the Chinese will have to do something more, as we suggested last week, than create fortresses before they succeed in destroying the impression that these will be at the mercy of the first-comer in case of war.

A feature this Easter was the enormous increase in the number of cyclists who crossed the Channel. The French Government have recently, as a matter of courtesy, relaxed the stringency of the Customs regulations, so that any tourist who shows a member's ticket of the English or French touring clubs, or indeed a return ticket from England to France, has his cycle passed without difficulty. The English railways should learn something from the French railways in the carriage of cycles. In France the cyclist is treated as a welcome customer; he is charged only a penny as a registration fee for his cycle, and the greatest care is taken of it. In England difficulties are frequently made; very heavy rates are charged, the left luggage officers of several London termini refuse to take in cycles, although these are booked for a journey. Despite the supposed efforts of the English touring clubs, cyclists still fail to find reasonable accommodation at reasonable rates in the better-class English hotels. In France every hotel welcomes them, and a special stableman with a very fair knowledge of cycles is employed as a matter of course to clean the cycles of visitors daily, and to see that the tyres are duly inflated in the morning. We should like to know of any English hotel with the advantages for cyclists now to be found at a good hotel in practically every French town. On the other hand, it must be said that the mechanics who do repairs in the French cycling shops are on the whole distinctly inferior to their fellows in England. They are inclined to use force instead of skill, as the worn threads of the screws on many cycles now returning from an Easter tour in France may show.

The German Zoological Society has recently begun a task of enormous magnitude. Since the publication of Linnæus's "*Systema Naturæ*" no attempt has been made to combine in a single work a systematic account of all living animals. The number of naturalists has increased almost annually since then; knowledge of the surface of the earth and of the waters is much greater; and it has been estimated that the number of described species of animals alive or recently alive is about 386,000. But the descriptions lie scattered in hundreds of different publications and are written in every language; the burden of hunting through libraries is becoming almost intolerable. The German Zoological Society propose to embrace in their work the name, the most important synonyms, references to the best figures, an account of the geographical range, and a short description of every known species. The great Berlin firm of Friedländer & Son has undertaken the publication. Professor F. E. Schulze, one of the most distinguished European zoologists, is the general editor. The first section of ninety-eight royal octavo pages appeared recently. On an average it contains about three species to a page, and so, excluding the absolutely necessary indices and so forth, the complete work cannot occupy less than 120 volumes of 1,000 pages apiece. It is a task of colossal magnitude, and from the zoologist's point of view of colossal importance. A matter of regret is that the German Society did not agree in some important details with English and American views of nomenclature.

A railway contractor recently advertised for three hundred wooden sleepers. By return of post he received a letter from a neighbouring clergyman, offering him the whole of his congregation on reasonable terms.

Again Mr. Heinemann has produced in "*The Pioneer Series*" a novel worth reading. "*Yekl*" gives us an exceedingly life-like picture of the New York Ghetto, and incidentally shows us that the low Russian Jew is a very human being after all. The story of Yekl's divorce, with his balancing of advantages and hesitation finally resolved into action by the girl's decision, is an excellent piece of work. The only fault we have to find with the book is that it is rather like a photograph than a work of art. But it is well to begin with realism and gradually widen the horizon to include ideal views, as Mr. Cahan perhaps knows.

THE GREEK ROYAL FAMILY.

KING GEORGE of Greece has seen a strange series of vicissitudes. Born a Danish prince, he left his quiet northern city to occupy a throne from which his predecessor had just been ejected by the violence of revolution; yet he lived to welcome the representatives of all the Courts of Europe when they came to celebrate his peaceful and prosperous reign of twenty-five years, and the marriage of his son with the sister of the German Emperor. Then came these last years of anxiety and distress, ending in the disaster of which it is easier to deplore the issue than to apportion rightly the blame. Whether his habitual tact and skill have at last been overborne by popular clamour or by some other agency we cannot yet appreciate; but there can be no doubt that up to this last year or two the wonderful progress of Greece has been in a great degree due to his influence. Otho had tried to rule with too high a hand; the picturesqueness of his Court, with its rich national dress, did not appeal to the democratic notions of the Greeks. The studied simplicity of life and the avoidance of all unnecessary display on the part of the present Royal Family have probably done more than anything to reconcile the Greeks to a form of government which is in its nature distasteful to them. They never could bear to have one of themselves set over them; and though their mysterious respect for everything made in Europe is extended even to a dynasty, grumbings have at no time been uncommon, especially in these recent years. Even the King's very moderate Civil List is complained of by some malcontents, and although he is generally respected, there is but little enthusiasm for him. In Athens he is a very familiar figure, as he walks about the streets or goes down to Phalerum by the tram; many strangers have probably passed him without knowing that the man in a plain undress uniform, carrying a walking-stick, was the King of the Hellenes. Both he and his family often go about in similar fashion, without any escort or attendants. He is easily accessible to any who wish for an audience, but his frank and friendly manner, while it puts his interlocutor at his ease, rarely gives the impression of depth or sincerity. This is little more than saying that he plays his part well, without exposing his real opinions and character to the criticism of any passing stranger; but that, at the same time, he is too honest in manner to cultivate the art of concealing art. Though he probably has had much to do with the policy of the country in which he is the most experienced statesman, he has not let his power appear much until recent years, when, during the financial struggles of Greece, he has on more than one occasion exercised his royal prerogatives almost to the bounds of his constitutional authority. His loss of confidence in Tricoupi, followed by Tricoupi's fall and death, have left him almost the only able and experienced politician in Greece; and his popularity was hardly such as to enable him to withstand the will of the people without a strong Minister to bear the responsibility.

The popularity of the Crown Prince stood far higher than his father's, at least until these last few days. The Duke of Sparta, as we call him—or the Diadochus (Successor), as he is always called in Greece—has in the first place the great advantage of being born and brought up in the country, and the Greeks were proud of him as one of themselves. He is tall and well-made, and his face and manner at once testify to a sincerity and directness of character that none can fail to appreciate. Every one must sympathize with the most untoward fate that has called him to a position from which even the most brilliant and skilful commander could hardly have extricated himself with credit. Though he has always performed his military duties with diligence, he probably would have been far happier in a library than on the parade-ground—not to speak of the battlefield. In this respect he contrasts strongly with his gigantic brother Prince George, who combines the traditional jollity of a sailor with a real aptitude for his profession; he has not had his chance yet, but he may still do something to show his mettle. He rejoiced in the exploit of shattering the floors of three Athenian ballrooms in one season, and he saved the Tsar's life from

a Japanese assassin—both facts that have won him much fame in Greece. His torpedo flotilla is generally supposed to be extremely efficient; it is unlucky for him that the Turkish fleet is not worth blowing up. Prince Nicholas, who is attached to the artillery and has been with his battery at the front, is more like his eldest brother, of a refined and artistic temperament. The whole family have all the qualities that go to win the affection and the respect of the people, and in times of quiet and prosperity the fortunes of the dynasty might have been regarded as established, especially as the succession is already provided for in the sons of the Crown Prince. But the result of his marriage, from the political standpoint, has proved to be the bitterest disappointment of all to the Greeks. In their rejoicings over the ceremony, when the Greek and German flags waved together on every house and every cab in Athens, they recognized an alliance which seemed to guarantee the future of Greece; and—strange irony of fate!—it was rumoured at the time, at least in Greece, that Crete was to be the Princess Sophia's dower. Her change of religion, though one might have thought it natural enough for her to wish to share the faith of her husband and children, was not popular even with the Greeks, who respect the King's adherence to Lutheran forms; and the Princess Sophia's change of religion began the breach with Germany which the financial crisis has widened. Doubtless it was partly due to the Queen, whose intensely religious nature is devoted to the Orthodox Church as well as to those good works in which she is constantly employed. Just now the disasters of Greece seem likely to give but too ample scope for their exercise.

AN IDEAL FOR PRESIDENT KRUGER.

ALMOST ever since gold was discovered in the Transvaal President Kruger has certainly not erred for lack of British counsel, and we ourselves with the rest have not been slow to indicate the shortcomings of the Boer Government. Destructive criticism, however, is of no great value unless it is accompanied by suggestions for replacing what is objected to by something that is more acceptable. Now it would not be the first time in history that the Constitution of one State has been remodelled on that of another; and it seems strange that, with a quite unique model to his hand, actually existing in certain of the smaller British isles within a hundred miles of the English shore, Mr. Chamberlain should not long ago have presented it to Mr. Kruger as a guide for redressing the grievances of the Uitlanders. In the conviction that his omission to do this must be due to oversight, we shall now describe briefly some of the leading features of the Constitution and government of this ideal State.

The bailiwick of Guernsey—which includes the islands of Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, Herm and Jetto—has an area of just over 30 square miles and a population, according to the last census, of 35,257, giving an average of about 1,175 persons per square mile—that is to say, the population is more than twice as dense as that of the United Kingdom. Of late years, too, it has been appreciably increased by a large influx of Englishmen, bringing with them capital and energy wherewith to foster a new but rapidly developing industry for which the climate has been found to be peculiarly favourable—that of growing fruit and vegetables under glass. All the world knows how intolerably President Kruger has treated the Englishmen who have come to his country under very similar circumstances. It is our purpose to show how strangers fare under the benign dispensation of a State which lies close under the wing of the British Government.

The first point that strikes one is the exceeding simplicity of the arrangements. The sole authority in the State is the Royal Court of Justice, consisting of a Bailiff and twelve Jurats. The Royal Court not only interprets the laws, but also makes them, and when necessary supersedes them. The convenience of this plan is obvious. No doubt as to the intention of Parliament in passing such-and-such a law can ever arise, for the Royal Court is itself the Parliament; and, again, if the Court in the exercise of its judicial functions finds a law troublesome, nothing is easier

than to alter it. The Court has the power of life and death and of examining witnesses under torture, and from its decisions in criminal cases there is no appeal; while in civil cases an appeal can only be made to the Privy Council when the sum in dispute is not less than £200, and even then heavy security for costs is required from the appellant. All vexatious litigation is thus avoided. To quote from a recent article in a legal contemporary, "Sitting in Chief Pleas, the Jurats and Bailiff legislate; sitting as judges, they interpret their own enactments; sitting as jurors, they decide on the facts in each cause; sitting in appeal, they hear appeals from themselves. Dividing themselves, they validate wills as single members, hold inquests as coroners, hear police cases as magistrates." Yet Mr. Kruger need not be alarmed at this apparent monopoly of power by the legal fraternity. Judge Kotzé, we can assure him, would never be admitted to the august circle of the Royal Court. Of its thirteen members only one is a lawyer, and he has never seen any practice outside Guernsey. His colleagues are two generals, an ex-Civil servant, a doctor, three country farmers, three squires, a shipbuilder, and a sailor. That antediluvian instrument called Magna Charta, which provides that judges shall be learned in the law, has long been a dead letter in the Royal Court of Guernsey, and Mr. Kruger would at once recognize the importance of this reform. He would also be interested to know that, as the inhabitants speak either English or a patois inherited from their Norman progenitors, the Court exhibits its impartiality by conducting its proceedings in modern French, which is equally unintelligible to both sections of litigants.

The freedom of the laws from archaic conventions is such as might be expected under a tribunal unfettered by legal subtleties. Poisoning may be practised with absolute impunity; if a certificate of death is refused by a doctor, the relatives can always get one from the Court. If only Mrs. Carew and Mrs. Maybrick had lived in Guernsey, they would have been spared an infinite amount of trouble and anxiety. Nor must the facilities afforded for getting an obnoxious person temporarily out of the way be overlooked. All that is necessary is to bring some charge against him—no matter what. Any person may be arrested on the bare word of a complainant and kept in prison till the next "Court day," and no action for false imprisonment can be brought against the police or the complainant, even when the latter acknowledges that a mistake has been made. Indeed, the police are not ungrateful for the opportunity given them to show their zeal, as their previous training as sailors or quarrymen is not of much assistance to them in detecting a real criminal. They atone, however, for any deficiency in that respect by frequently exercising their right to search a man's house from roof to cellar without a warrant, and on the merest suspicion. When at length the supposed culprit is caught, he is brought before the Bailiff and four Jurats, and if committed by them for trial, he appears again before the Bailiff (who presides in both the inferior and the Supreme Courts) and seven Jurats, of whom four may be the same as committed him for trial. From which it may be gathered that, when the Supreme Court does get a prisoner before it, his chances of being let off are not promising, and in point of fact acquittals are extremely rare. No doubt the Court holds that they only serve to encourage criminals; and, if there is no law under which a conviction can be secured, the Court has only to sit in "Chefs Plaids" and forthwith devise one. Carping critics may urge that laws cannot be made retroactive, that a man cannot be said to have violated a law which did not exist at the time of his offence. But we have said that the Jurats are not jurists, and they cannot be expected to listen to such idle sophistry. They might as well be asked to abolish imprisonment for debt, or to abandon their right of exiling any one whose presence in the islands is distasteful to them, or to allow an Englishman to become a member of the Government or a magistrate.

How, then, is this omnipotent body recruited? The Report of the Royal Commission appointed in 1845 to investigate the administration of the criminal law in Guernsey said that the Government (*i.e.* the Royal

Court) was "practically self-elected and hereditary." This, of course, is a wicked story. But who ever pays any attention to anything that a Royal Commission may say? Did not the Commissioners also declare that certain alterations were "imperatively required," and is not everything going on exactly as it did fifty years ago when they presented their Report? The truth is, of course, that the Jurats are elected by the "States of Election" (of which body, to be sure, they are also members), and the number of electors, out of a population estimated at 37,000, is no less than 224, made up as follows:—

The Bailiff	} Elected for life.
The Queen's Procureur	
10 Rectors	
12 Jurats	
180 Douzeniers	} Elected for three years.
20 Constables,	

The Constables are elected by the ratepayers, and some of the Constables are afterwards made Douzeniers, and the Douzeniers help the Jurats to elect themselves. Therefore, clearly, the ratepayers elect the Jurats. Passing by the unworthy assertion of the Royal Commission that the Jurats' influence with the Douzeniers (usually retired tradesmen) was so great that their candidates were almost always elected, we ask whether, if President Kruger were to adopt this admirable system of representative government, it would not be welcomed by the Uitlanders almost as eagerly as compulsory military service (which obtains in Guernsey for natives and aliens alike) would be welcomed by those settlers who notoriously burn to emulate the military achievements of their ancestors against the Philistines.

It is a melancholy evidence of man's fallen nature that even the most free and enlightened community has some black sheep among its members; from time to time offensive protests have been published against "taxation without representation," and recently it did so happen that, at a dinner of "British Growers" in Guernsey, the toast of the Royal Court was received in solemn silence. Nor was this all. There was present at the dinner one Mr. Wyndham Peel, who afterwards had the effrontery to write a letter to a local paper, asking, "how Englishmen could possibly become enthusiastic over a body which enforces the odious militia law so rigorously against some of them, and deprives all of them of those political privileges which they have been taught from infancy to look upon as their inalienable birthright?" Now the States of Guernsey had already serious reason to question the good taste of this Mr. Peel. Not very long before he had persisted in asserting his right as an English barrister to practise at the Guernsey Bar; and the Royal Court, nonplussed for the moment by such unprecedented audacity, had not seen its way to exclude him. The intrusion was the more unwelcome because the number of advocates was by law restricted to six, three of them being the son, the nephew, and the first cousin of the Bailiff; and it had been intended to complete the symmetry of the family party by introducing another of the Bailiff's relatives. To be sure, the resources of civilization were not exhausted, and a new "Ordonnance" was rapidly passed by the Court, abolishing the limit as to number, and at the same time providing against any further trouble of the same kind by requiring, as a preliminary qualification for admission to the Guernsey Bar, five years' residence in the island. This reform effected, the presence of Mr. Peel in Court was tolerated until he ventured upon the outrageous statement we have quoted. We need hardly say that the Royal Court rose to the occasion with fitting dignity and promptitude. A meeting was forthwith convened to consider the matter, and on the same day a letter, signed by the Bailiff himself, was despatched to Mr. Peel, pointing out that his observations with respect to the Royal Court were "considered to be of a deliberately libellous and insulting character." The letter went on to apprise him that the Court would "in consequence meet on Monday next, at twelve o'clock, with a view to decide how, in this matter, it [would] exercise the disciplinary powers belonging to it over its officers," and requested his presence in Court on the day and hour named. With the magnanimity inseparable from true greatness, the

Bailiff further intimated his willingness "to consider any explanation or other statement which meanwhile you may address to me in writing, and which appear (*sic*) to you calculated to exercise an influence favourable to you in the decision of the matter." Mr. Peel, it seems, acknowledged the receipt of this letter, and, instead of humbling himself in the dust as he ought to have done, merely added, "As a matter of courtesy, I shall be in my place in Court on Monday next. I reserve to myself the right to publish this correspondence." On the Monday the thunderbolt fell. The Queen's Comptroller (nephew of the Bailiff), after pointing out that the delinquent had actually described the law of military conscription as "odious," and had aggravated the offence by his reply to the Bailiff's letter, proceeded to show that the Royal Court was "empowered either to reprimand, suspend, or discharge any officer of the Court guilty of breach of discipline, and that from its decision there was no appeal," and concluded by recommending that Mr. Peel "be suspended from the exercise of his functions as an advocate during the space of four months." Needless to say, the Jurats were unanimous in condemning the conduct of Mr. Peel. One thought that he "had failed in his duty as an English gentleman"; another that "his action was childish as well as grossly libellous and insulting," while several commented upon the undue leniency of the Comptroller's recommendation. Probably they considered that some such measure as slitting the offender's lips with a hot iron, standing him in the pillory, cutting out his tongue, or, better still, striking off his right hand—all of which punishments remain on the Statute Book—would be more proportionate to the enormity of the crime. This, of course, was the Bailiff's opportunity. Speaking, we are told, "in a tone at once dignified and temperate," and in a spirit, we may add, which Mr. Kruger would be the first to appreciate, he contented himself with adopting the lenient sentence suggested by the Comptroller, coupling it with a wholesome admonition to the culprit, expressing his regret that duty should oblige him to punish anybody, and even indulging in a hope—we fear, alas! misplaced—that, when Mr. Peel returned to his duties, he would "view things in a different light."

With this simple and touching example of combined justice and mercy, we must close our too brief eulogy of this model State. But when at length the Boers have been crushed for ever by the might of Great Britain, as Mr. Goschen has not too obscurely foreshadowed, and when our victorious troops have returned to find their own country in the occupation of a Continental Power, will not Oom Paul justly demand of us why we did not tell him what were the laws which regulated a portion of the British Isles, so that he might at once have adopted them *en bloc*, and so saved both his country and ours? A Royal Court, consisting of the President himself and his family, with the addition, say, of Dr. Leyds and two or three herdsmen from the veldt, might have been constituted without delay to perform all the functions of government, whether executive, legislative, or judiciary; the existing difficulty with the judges would have disappeared, together with the judges themselves; and the British diggers of the Transvaal would have entered upon a state of well-being and contentment only second to that of the British Growers of Guernsey.

WHO BROKE THE PEACE?

WE have little wish to join in the chorus of denunciation that has overwhelmed the unhappy Greeks since the inevitable collapse of their resistance on Sunday last; but playing with fire in the East of Europe is such a risky game that it is well to look a little closely into the cause of an outbreak which might have involved a European war. Crete of course was the pretext, and it is by following the history of the Cretan question that we may trace the responsibility for the war. Let us examine the despatches as published in the last Blue Book. We there find that up till a quite recent date Greece displayed no discontent with the plans of the Powers for the settlement of the Cretan difficulty. On 13 September M. Delyanni wrote to express the gratitude of the

Greek people for the "favourable solution" of the crisis; the exiled Cretans were returning to their island, the Turkish troops were being recalled, and the International Commission formed. The usual wrangle took place over the composition of this Commission, but ultimately things were arranged, and at the end of November we find M. Delyanni attacked in the Chamber for having accepted the decision of the Powers. He strenuously defends himself, declares that the form of government guaranteed to Crete constitutes "a tolerable form of autonomy," and adds his conviction of thirty years' standing that "the autonomy of Crete was the object to be sought for." In this he was backed up by M. Limbriiti, a member of the Cretan Committee, who added that the Cretans did not insist on union with Greece, but only on the improvement of their condition. He also deprecated the intervention of Greek officers in Crete. A mixed gendarmerie under the English Major Bor was charged with the reorganization of the Island under an International Commission in which Greece had a voice, and yet in the first week in February, just at the moment of Major Bor's arrival and when the restoration of order was for the first time in sight, we find the Greek fleet in process of mobilization and the train laid for all the disasters and bloodshed that have followed. Do we then suggest that the King of Greece and M. Delyanni were consciously lying to Europe and laying the train for an explosion while professing to accept the decisions of the Concert? Of M. Delyanni perhaps the less said the better; he has already ceased to be of importance. And King George is above suspicion. He has the reputation of being a level-headed man, as level-headed as any one can be in the political atmosphere of Athens. We may, therefore, at once acquit him of the wickedness and the insanity of deliberately leading his country into inevitable disaster. Where then shall we look for the culprits? The immediate impulse to war undoubtedly came from those Greek secret societies which made King, Ministers and Cretans alike their tools, and which, after conspiring to bring war upon their country and sending armed bands across the frontier with the intention of rendering that war unavoidable, were the first to lose heart and to provoke disorder in Athens. Their object and their methods, so far as Crete is concerned, are concisely summed up in the report from Sir A. Biliotti, which will be found on p. 58 of the Blue Book. "The object of these politicians is to maintain the Christians in an uninterrupted state of dissatisfaction in order that they should always place in Greece their hopes of rescue." This plan of campaign was, perhaps, justifiable from the Athenian point of view so long as it embarrassed Turkey and helped Greece. But King George has probably learnt by now that a policy of subserviency to the *Éthniké Hetairia* has its dangers.

GREEK SENTIMENT FOR CRETE.

IT is very difficult for us in England to do justice to the Greek, either in his private or in his political capacity. We are too fond of judging him by a standard which certainly is not his, and which we have no right to apply to him; and thus we are effectually prevented from understanding either his virtues or his defects. In this matter his too enthusiastic and indiscriminate admirers have done more than his detractors to discredit him. In their zeal they claim for him those qualities that we Occidentals prize most highly, such as truthfulness and justice—things of which an Oriental has a conception entirely different from ours; and, at least in these matters, the Greek is essentially an Oriental. The exact correspondence of his statements with the accidental and material facts of the case is not a thing about which he troubles himself. He would think it but a poor compliment to his ability and ingenuity if his friends maintained that he never indulged in fiction. "*Τί ψεύτης που είσαι*," "What a liar you are!" is anything but an insult in modern Greek. So, again, with his commercial morality. I have more than once known a Greek who had done his utmost to swindle me over a bargain point out that I had paid him by mistake more than the sum agreed on and return the excess. To us there seems but little difference between

what we regard as two forms of indirect thieving; but in the eyes of an honourable Greek the one is the regular and recognized method of business, the other is dishonest. Such things may seem to have little to do with politics; but they lie at the root of much that we habitually misunderstand. We cannot realize that in a country where every one evades paying his taxes if he has a particle of political influence, and where place-hunting and jobbery prevail to a degree to us almost incredible, yet the leading politicians keep their hands and their reputations clean, and are not even suspected or accused of enriching themselves at the expense of the State. Here again the two things seem to us almost on the same level of dishonesty, but in Greece the one is merely the usual working of the political machine, the other an offence against patriotism and morality. Nor is the Greek necessarily insincere because he grows enthusiastic over ideas that he does not grasp or facts that he does not understand. When, some few years ago, an unfortunate suggestion was made of giving the Elgin marbles back to Greece, the Athenian papers fairly ran wild over the notion; but those who wrote the rabid articles knew so little of what Lord Elgin had left in their midst that they could not tell a metope from a pediment. Yet their feeling was genuine enough—just as genuine as their belief in a lineal descent from those who had carved the marbles that they claimed, and based on just as little knowledge of the facts of the case.

Thus it was the great Panhellenic idea which was undoubtedly the mainspring of the action of Greece in the present crisis. The notion of a community of race or nationality between all those whose native tongue is modern Greek will not bear a moment's investigation; it would be absurd to claim any historical justification for their political unity. Yet the cry of the Cypriotes to be given back to their mother-country is constantly being revived, and is just as prevalent under English rule as under Turkish; it is no use arguing with the Greeks about the matter. The Greek papers periodically publish horrible stories of the tyranny of English officials; to us these stories are simply ludicrous; but they are just as important an element in the political situation in the East as if they were literally true, or even, like similar stories of Turkish officials, in accordance with general probabilities. The Greeks have neither talents nor inclination for sifting the truth of stories like this, which gratify their national vanity; for they still cherish the classical tradition of the superiority of Greek over barbarian, however strangely it may contrast with their respect for every person or thing that is foreign and "European." After the intervention of the Powers, eleven years ago, in order to save Greece from the suicidal folly of an attack upon Turkey, I happened to be travelling in the Peloponnese, and talked over the situation with an old shepherd, who was a typical village politician. His picturesque expression England "has eaten us up" (*μας κατέφαγεν*) yielded to no array of facts or arguments that could be brought against it; and why should he believe a foreigner rather than the papers he and his friends saw every day repeating the same statements? It is true that the intervention of the Powers was then successful; but this was because it brought about a resignation of the Greek Government, and a restoration to power of Tricoupi, the one Greek politician of recognized ability and coolness. But the blockade was nevertheless bitterly resented by all parties alike; and there is no Tricoupi to bring into power now. It will be remembered how on that occasion Mr. Gladstone himself expressed publicly his approval of the policy of the Powers; the only result on the Greeks was that they expunged his name from the signboard of cafés that had been dedicated to his honour. Perhaps, after all, it would have been better if the Greeks had had their lesson then instead of now.

The strength and the troubles of the modern Greeks are alike due to the burden of an inheritance which they claim themselves and which is often accorded to them by sentimental Philhellenes who know little or nothing of the country and its people. It is because they claim to be the representatives of those ancient Greeks to whom we owe so much of what is best in our politics and our civilization, in our literature and in our

art, that we judge them by a standard which we should not dream of applying to any other people who had recently escaped from a state of slavery to an Oriental despotism. And independent Greece owes its very existence to this Hellenic idea. Whatever view we may take as to the vexed question of the modern race, though some of us may believe that neither the bulk of the people nor the Klephtic chiefs who were the leaders of the Greek Revolution have any more claim to Hellenic blood than Church or Byron, yet it was the consciousness of the debt of Europe to Greece that induced the Powers to fight the battle of Navarino; and it was enthusiasm for Hellenism, past and present, that inspired the political societies to stir up and to support the Revolution, just as it recently prompted the same societies to send bands of Irregulars across the Turkish frontier. But for the Hellenic idea the Greek Revolution, even if it ever began, would probably have been a petty rebellion, soon crushed by Turkish arms, and exciting but languid sympathy in Europe. When, too, the independence of Greece was secured the same claim to lofty political traditions led to the giving of the most democratic Constitution in the world to a people who, whatever their racial descent, had had no practice in governing themselves for two thousand years, and had been in slavery under the Turks for three or four centuries. The result is what we now see. Where no matters are involved which stir up any national enthusiasm elections simply go by direct or indirect bribery; the object of each voter is simply to evade his share of taxation, and to obtain what advantages he can for local or class interests or for himself individually. Hence the financial failure of Greece, which, with an efficient and incorruptible administration, would have ample resources for the government and development of the country. And, again, what we call the desire for territorial aggrandizement on the part of Greece is only the Hellenic idea showing itself in another form. The Greek kingdom considers itself responsible for freeing from slavery the Greek-speaking peoples of the Levant, whether in Crete, in Macedonia, or elsewhere; therefore it keeps up a fleet and army which not only exhaust its already ill-managed resources, but are really a source of danger rather than of protection to Greece itself.

The Cretan question has only become a crisis in the eyes of Europe within the last few months; but it has been critical enough, in the eyes of Greece, for a good many years past. Athens has been full of Cretan refugees, many of them among the most prominent and influential of the islanders. They have stirred up the susceptible feelings of the Greeks by tales of wrong and oppression, which doubtless have basis enough in the past history of Crete, though their applicability in the present instance may be doubted; for the Cretans certainly retain one of the faculties with which they are credited by Epimenides and St. Paul. One of the chiefs, who had on his own confession killed seven Turks, and so was not unreasonably outlawed by the Turkish authorities, drew a harrowing picture of his own flight and his wife's danger and destitution. "Why," he was asked, "did you not manage to bring your wife with you?" "And who," he innocently replied, "would have looked after my estates and property?" As a matter of fact, no Turkish soldier or official would have dared to show his face within many miles of this chieftain's home in Sphakia. Yet it is not fair to characterize his speech by the short word which we should apply to it in an Englishman. It is simply an emphatic and picturesque method of speaking, in which the exact relation of words to facts is lost sight of in a desire to produce a certain impression. That impression has now been produced in Greece, and we see the result. Annexation to Greece has come now to be looked upon by Cretans and Greeks alike as the one solution of the difficulties of both parties; and one cannot expect them to give up a long cherished hope for a brand-new scheme of autonomy which they do not believe in, and which they do not think anybody else believes in. I may say that they ought to have confidence in the solemn promise of the Powers. But a man whose own word is not to be literally trusted is under the disadvantage of not trusting the word of other people. His conception of honour and honesty is, to put it gently, different from ours; and while we

are applying our standard to him he is applying his standard to us. The result is that neither of us is in the least likely to understand or to trust the other.

There is not the slightest doubt that the present attitude of Greece on the Cretan question is due to an irrepressible outburst of national feeling, which has swept before it any such considerations of policy or prudence as might otherwise have restrained the responsible leaders. The persecution and the sufferings of ἡ δούλη Ἑλλάς—as the Greeks call all Greek-speaking regions that are not comprised in the Greek kingdom—offer a never-failing theme of pathos and invective to the Greek orator, from the Parliament-house to the remotest village store and café; and the people of Greece regard the present struggle in Crete as precisely analogous to the Greek War of Independence. There is doubtless little resemblance between the two cases; there is no danger now of the re-establishment of Turkish rule in Crete, and, if it comes to massacre, the Cretan Christians are more than capable of holding their own against the Mussulman minority in the island, while the importation of a large Turkish army is not in the least likely to be either attempted or allowed. But how are we to expect the Greek peasant to understand this? Every Greek paper and every village politician repeats stories of oppression and massacre by the brutal Turk, which we may know to be an anachronism under present conditions in Crete, but which are in accordance with everything that the modern Greek has been brought up to believe. He has no chance of hearing the truth, and if he did hear it he would not believe it; no writer or speaker would gain a moment's hearing if he suggested, for example, that the scheme of autonomy for Crete was anything but a device for handing the island back to the mercy of Turkish officials. The Greeks, therefore, simply cannot understand why the Great Powers that fought for them at Navarino are against them now. When the people practically has all the power in its hands, its one-sided view of all foreign politics is a constant source of danger to itself and to all its neighbours. And the Hellenic idea, inculcated in every school, and kept up by every newspaper, is peculiarly dangerous to the modern Greeks, who, while full of intelligence and generosity, are quite incapable of impartial justice or cool-headed weighing of the truth. Greek journalism, indeed, coupled with the democratic Greek Constitution, is at the root of the whole evil. Here in England we have newspapers enough, and plenty of statements or arguments in them that show total inability to grasp facts or to understand conditions; but at least the misrepresentations are not all on the same side, and may safely be left to counteract one another. In Greece it is otherwise; the Greek has no desire to hear the other side, and if any journal tried to instruct him, not only would it have no circulation, but its office would probably be sacked and its plant destroyed. Such, at least, was the fate of a paper that recently ventured on some disparaging criticisms on the Greek army. And we must remember that, while all the papers are practically on one side in this matter, their number and the extent to which they are read and talked about throughout Greece make their influence, in proportion to the size of the country, almost unprecedented.

All this does not, of course, justify the action of Greece in the present crisis; but it explains a good deal that is inexplicable on the supposition that Greece is acting merely from motives of self-interest or aggrandizement. Above all, it is no use expecting that a people in such a mood is likely to listen to reason; the Greeks regard themselves in this matter as the champions of enlightenment and freedom, and therefore cannot believe that the three Western Powers can really mean to repress them. This is why expressions of sympathy were so dangerous; we must all sympathize with the Greeks in some degree, but if we tell them so they will infer that we grant both the justice and the expedience of their recent intervention in Crete. And, but for their belief in the real sympathy of Europe, their military preparations on the frontier might have been restrained. But, justice and expedience apart, it cannot be denied that the Greek soldiers in Crete, having thrown themselves into the midst of a fierce and war

like population who were prepared beforehand to welcome them, held a very strong position. It is very different in Thessaly. If only the Greeks could have learnt that their strength is to sit still!

ERNEST GARDNER.

MR. LAURIER'S TARIFF PROPOSALS.

MR. LAURIER, with the secret approbation of Her Majesty's Secretary for the Colonies, seems bent on playing a bold game. Indeed, one would not be astonished if this latest phase in the development of the Imperial Zollverein scheme and the first example of its practical, albeit one-sided, adoption were largely counselled by Mr. Chamberlain. It is certain that such a measure was not even mooted in the inmost Parliamentary circles at Ottawa so late as February. Mr. Dobell, a member of the Canadian Ministry, called upon Mr. Chamberlain three weeks ago: it is not a daring hypothesis to suppose the matter discussed at that meeting. At all events, Mr. Dobell's return to Ottawa is signalized by Mr. Fielding's dramatic pronouncement in the Dominion House of Commons. Directly the Budget proposals were laid on the table on Friday last the Comptroller of Customs found himself in possession of a new tariff schedule in place of the old. "No Czar," observes the "St. James's Gazette," "could have given more instant effect to his will."

The character of this new measure which has elicited such widespread interest and so great an amount of comment in the English Press, and, one might add, brought such a fierce joy to the breast of at least one honourable and gallant English member, as "paving the way for the commercial federation of the Empire," may be briefly described as a double tariff—one for the United Kingdom and another for all foreign countries. The first tariff will accord a reduction of one-eighth of the duties charged under the ordinary tariff, except on certain exciseable articles, up to 1 July, 1898, after which period the preference extended to British goods will amount to one-fourth.

At first blush it looks as if the recent action of the United States, in its obnoxious Alien Labour law and the subsequent Dingley Bill, had goaded the Canadian Government into reprisals. But the English organs which put forward this view as if it were in itself a sufficient explanation are far from realizing the spirit which at present animates the Canadian Premier. The key to his policy is this: that while Imperialistic sentiment needs no great stimulus in Canada, official Colonial sentiment and recognition are required at home. He intends, in short, to force Great Britain's hand in one direction, and at the same time to prove to the United States that Canada is a country of spirit, and by no means dependent upon the good-will or the prosperity of its big neighbour. To thus propitiate England and offend the States involves a complete change of front, an utter defection from the Liberal tactics of a lifetime. Yet, having made up his mind to steal the enemy's powder and to compound a little of his own, Mr. Laurier is not the man to shrink from applying the match to the mortar. To begin with, he has had to convert his own Ministers. Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Fielding are old Commercial Unionists, Reciprocity men, who held that Canada's eyes should be turned for inspiration and profit more to Washington than to London. The remainder of the Cabinet, with one or two exceptions, form that party whose leadership Mr. Blake threw up with the significant words, "Your policy, gentlemen, heads straight for Political Union!"—the same party which five years ago, to quote Sir Charles Tupper's latest diatribe, "roamed through this country endeavouring to strike down British interests and to establish Continental Free-trade at the cost of every sentiment of British loyalty."

Having accomplished a noteworthy mastery of this perverse band of Cabinet spirits, the Premier moves out fearlessly in the new line. Hereafter Britain is the watchword: henceforward Canadians are Britishers as much as the men of Cumberland or Essex. "I am a Britisher: if I were but twenty-five years younger I believe I should sit at Westminster as one of Canada's representatives." These are the Premier's own words; he has infused this spirit into his advisers. He has

told them that for Canada to exist on the North American continent without loss of wealth, prestige and dignity, she must play up to the Mother-country. She must rid herself of Americanism, and be positive and aggressive in her actions. He tells them that with greater identity with Great Britain's name and power Canadians may yet find themselves sharing the Empire's wealth and honour.

Mr. Laurier wants sincerely to make the Dominion a prosperous and a populous country; he wants to instil energy and ambition into its people; to prevent its moral if not political absorption into the States; and he has come to believe that Canadianism, however intense and patriotic, is not enough for the purpose. No man is so intensely and patriotically Canadian as your habitant, and no one so torpid and unprosperous.

But quite apart from Mr. Laurier's motives, and the aspect of loyalty and desire for closer relationship with the Empire which the action of the Government exhibits, there are two things which deserve attention in connexion with this new Preferential Tariff. The first of these is, very naturally, how the Imperial Government will regard it. How will Downing Street respond to Mr. Laurier's move? Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Foster have already asked the Ministry what it intends to do in view of existing treaties between Great Britain, Germany and Belgium. By these treaties, as we are being continually reminded, the Home Government binds the Colonies not to differentiate between Germany, Belgium, and indeed most other countries, in any arrangement between themselves and the Mother-country.

"Are you," asks the Canadian ex-Minister of Finance, "going to signalize this Jubilee year by repudiating Imperial obligations?" The reply to this is that Canada wishes to benefit England, that the so-called obligations are unpopular at home, and that, in any case, they are not binding on self-governing Colonies. Authoritative legal opinion had yet to be obtained to prove that they are.

"Canada," added Sir Richard Cartwright, "is prepared to fight the proposition legally and constitutionally until she gets a decision upon it. If the judgment be adverse, we will appeal to the Mother-country to repeal those clauses of the treaty which stand in the way of our fiscal prosperity."

The point about the self-governing Colonies is most ingenious. Let us hope that its technical value equals its felicity. One is to understand that the treaties in question are binding on the Mother-country with regard to its actions as well as on the actions of the Crown Colonies, but are not binding on the others. To what lengths does this lead us? We have only to cast our eyes ahead along the Imperial highway to behold Newfoundland sitting by the roadside bound hand and foot by oppressive Imperial obligations, to prophesy that if Mr. Laurier's measure be allowed to travel so far before it is throttled by Downing Street, our oldest Colony will soon be disencumbered of her fetters. Let Canada's claim be admitted (*certainly*, it will be a selfish, sinister task to refuse it), and Sir William Whiteway and his colleagues may be trusted to lose little time in pressing *theirs* home upon the Foreign Office. For of course this aspect of the matter is one entirely for the attention of Lord Salisbury, who has hardly, to say the least of it, shown himself to be as speculative or as sympathetic with regard to the Colonies as desirous of maintaining harmony and pleasant relations nearer home. As was to be expected, Belgium has already lodged its remonstrance, and Germany will of course follow suit—these Powers being those most interested in the most-favoured-nation clause. They may, moreover, reasonably be expected to threaten retaliation. What does Lord Salisbury propose to do in this dilemma? To sacrifice Canada to propitiate Belgium; or to seize this opportunity to tear up treaties and obliterate clauses which, rightly declares Sir Richard Cartwright, "should never have been enacted to the detriment of the Colonies?"

The second material consideration of the new Tariff is its immediate practical effect, so far as Britain and the States are concerned. To the Americans any appreciable lowering of the Canadian schedule means simply wholesale smuggling over a boundary line four thousand

miles long, and incapable of being so efficiently patrolled as to prevent enormous quantities of British goods from deluging American jobbing houses and American shop-counters. The fact that Manchester, Nottingham and Belfast goods have been since Friday last arriving at Canadian ports at 12½ per cent. less duty than they have to pay at Boston, Portland, or Brooklyn, is eloquent of illicit commercial possibilities. No one supposes the Yankees will rest resigned and complacent under this. They, too, will attempt reprisals. One of their first actions will probably be to increase the duties on Canadian imports and to rescind the "bonding privileges" by which Canadian railways transport freight across strips of American territory. Sir William Van Horne and his fellow Canadian Pacific Railway directors will naturally have something to say to the Government on this point—perhaps less to say if the carriage receipts on British imports destined for American consumption be equivalently increased.

To sum up the situation, the English reader, while he cannot but applaud this latest and most forcible pledge of Mr. Laurier and his colleagues to the cause of Imperial Unity, must smile perforce at the amazing hazard or the cynicism of political fortune in the Dominion which in a brief twelve months has turned Liberals and Commercial and Political Unionists into stalwart fuglemen of Crown and Empire, while the Tupperites and Fosterites, who might easily dub themselves the "Columbuses" of Canadian loyalty, are found yelping and snarling at each loyal display! After all the latter would be scarcely human if they did not give vent to the dissatisfaction they feel at the spectacle of their opponents making such good use of the bone they buried so long, or exhumed merely for a vain show and dalliance.

BECKLES WILLSON.

MR. PENNELL'S AFFIRMATIONS.

Mr. Pennell *affirms* in the witness-box :—

"Equally good results could be produced by either [stone or paper]."

"Times" report of Pennell v. Harris and Sickert, 6 April, 1897.

Mr. Pennell *lectures* at University College :—

"For many reasons it would probably be best to draw upon the stone itself always, because, first and above all, the less intervention—even mechanical intervention—there is between the artist and his work the better; and in many cases it is not possible to get good results unless the artist works on the stone."

"The Illustration of Books." By Joseph Pennell (p. 113).

OUR UNPROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS.

WITH every Easter, when dust and East wind recur to our annoyance, and plovers' eggs and salmon serve to remind us that the counterbalancing *solatia* are not yet exhausted, the renewed energy of our Volunteers marks the opening year, recalls the horrors of war, and suggests their antidote. But while inflated paragraphs and realistic headings announcing battles and defeats make our pulses quicken involuntarily, those who pose for the moment as fighting men must be carried away by no delusive enthusiasm, or imagine that the Special Correspondents are trustworthy critics at the Easter season. Enthusiasm alone does not win campaigns, nor will patriotic sentiments furnish organization for war. If singing and rhetorical phrases could have done it, the Germans would have been quickly forced across the frontier of France in 1870. We remind our Volunteers of this, not to discredit or deride their most praiseworthy efforts, but because it is a solid fact which even professional soldiers often overlook. The Germans beat the French because they were better organized, better equipped, and better trained for war. They possessed other advantages also, but before these were needed the campaign was practically won. With the pluck and patience of our soldiers behind us we only escaped disaster in the Crimea by a lavish waste

of blood and treasure, and it was want of organization for war which all but brought about defeat. Now the factor in organization and efficiency for war which is contributed by the rank and file is discipline. The Volunteer officer and private cannot reform our War Office, or equip our army as it should be equipped, although the pressure of all our Volunteers working on the electorate throughout the country may ultimately produce results; but they can at once set to work to render themselves as regards discipline vastly more prepared for the field than they now are. In the old days of smooth-bore muskets it required the most unrelenting firmness to drive men into the enemy's position through the carnage which short ranges brought about. Nothing but the most unhesitating obedience and the habit of following their leaders could ever have carried our men into the Redan or made them stand their ground at Inkerman. The fire they had to face was hotter than anything faced since, or is perhaps likely to be faced again, and it is very doubtful whether the young short-service soldiers of any army in Europe would now face it. The probability is that modern battles will be decided at far greater ranges than formerly, and that, in spite of all improvements in firearms, losses will be less than they used to be, because it will not be possible for a leader to influence men in open formations by his personality, as was formerly the case, while it will be easier to be a coward than it used to be, and the majority of human beings are more or less cowardly. Lines will of course ultimately close with one another, or attempt to do so; but one side will have been beaten by fire before shock tactics are adopted, and will not wait for the assault if it can run away. Discipline, if it can no longer hope to make men march up to destruction in rigid, locked-up ranks, as though on parade, can, however, assert its value just as unmistakably during the fire fight. Fire discipline teaches men not to fire except at word of command; it makes every rifle shoot with the sight properly adjusted to the range; it makes men aim at the point indicated by the commander. Our Horse and Field Artillery have arrived at an almost perfect system of such discipline, and the will of one leader directs the discharge of every gun in a battery. Every rifle in a battalion should similarly be under control. It is not so now even in our regular army; but it can and must become so. Under the present system we cannot hope for it in our Volunteers, because individuals have not yet acquired that self-abnegation, that yielding to the will of another, which is what we term discipline. And they are not likely to acquire it until they possess officers and non-commissioned officers whom they can respect. That is the hard unpalatable truth which our Volunteer battalions must lay to heart, ponder over, legislate for, until a better state of things is reached. It is of little or no advantage from a tactical point of view whether there are in a battalion a few good shots who can gain prizes at Bisley. It is of little more use, though it might be of benefit, that some officers should be able to pass tactical examinations. What, at the present stage of Volunteer evolution, is necessary is that every rifle should be directed roughly on the spot indicated, that it should be fired with the elevation due to the range, and that it should only be fired when necessary. But above all things every man should realize that he has to do exactly as he is told—*always*. How we are to find officers is a consideration on which we will not venture to enter here; but, meanwhile, the rank and file may accustom themselves to habits of complete subordination, and endeavour to acquire discipline, without which the best organization and equipment cannot save an army from becoming a mob.

A NOTE ON BRAHMS.

IT is difficult at first to perceive even the wrong reason why Mr. Henry Wood commenced his Brahms concert of last Saturday afternoon with a travesty of the Funeral March from the A flat piano sonata of Beethoven. No funeral march whatever was needed, for there is enough and more than enough of the coffin, the hearse and the black waving plumes in Brahms's own music, of which we were presently to

have our fill. Indeed it may be doubted whether a funeral march is ever in place on such occasions—it seems a little like taunting with his death the man it is supposed to honour. But if there must needs be a funeral march, at least let it be a great original one, not a parody of a great original one. The piano sonata march is one of the most magnificent things in music, but it is as perfectly adapted to the genius of the instrument it was written for as it is unadapted and in fact unadaptable to the orchestra. Those opening chords sounded dull, heavy and lifeless as lead; the tremolo and suggestion of trumpet calls in the trio were absolutely without meaning or beauty; and the utter lack of poignancy in the wailing phrase at the conclusion was simply amazing. Some of Beethoven's piano music, though not much of it, would bear transference to the orchestra, but the Funeral March on the Death of a Hero does not bear it. I do not suggest that Mr. Wood should be hanged for playing it—on reflection his difficulty in finding a suitable piece becomes obvious, for the "Götterdämmerung" march would have been as much out of place as the Dead March in "Saul"; but I do suggest that he should immediately repent in dust and ashes and determine never again to play a funeral march in honour of any one.

That Brahms's position is high enough to warrant the giving of a dozen concerts in his honour need not be disputed; yet it is not an exaggeration to say that probably there are not a dozen musicians in Europe who have formed any precise and final opinion as to where he should be placed. For myself, doubtless by listening to a quantity of his music every week for five years it may be possible for me to write almost as dogmatically about him as I do now about Bach and Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner; but for the present it is my humble desire that everything I say of him may be regarded as liable to alteration and correction. One gets to know him very slowly. His appearance and manner (so to speak), though extremely dignified, are very much in his favour; but when one tries to get to terms of intimacy with him he has a fatal trick of repelling one by that "austerity" or chilliness of which we have lately heard so much. And the worst of it is that too frequently a sharp suspicion strikes one that there is little behind that austere manner—that his reticence does not so much imply matter held in reserve as an absence of matter. I do not mean by this that Brahms was a paradoxical fool who was clever enough to hold his tongue lest he was found out, nor even that he purposely veiled his lack of meaning. On the contrary, a composer who wished more devoutly to be sincere never put pen to paper. But (if with the reservation mentioned above I may be forgiven for speaking so plainly) he had not the intellect of an antelope; and he took up in all honesty a rôle for which he had only the slightest qualification. The true Brahms, the Brahms who does not deceive himself, is the Brahms you find in many of the songs, in some of the piano and chamber music, in the smaller movements of his symphonies and in certain passages of his overtures; and I have no hesitation whatever in asserting (subject of course to emendation) that his songs are very much the most satisfactory things he did. Here, unweighted by a heavy sense of a mission, he either revels in making beautiful—never supremely beautiful—tunes for their own sake, or he actually expresses with beauty and considerable fidelity certain definite emotions. Had he written nothing but such small things—songs, piano pieces, Allegrettos like that in the D symphony—his position might have been a degree lower in the estimation of the dull people who don't count, but he would have been accepted at something like his true value by the whole world, and the whole world would have been richer by many lovely things. But merely to be a singer of wonderful songs was not sufficient for Brahms: he wanted to be a great poet, a new Beethoven. It was a legitimate ambition. The kind of music Brahms really loved was the kind of which Beethoven's is the most splendid example; and he wanted to create more of the same kind. He doubtless thought he could; in his early days Robert Schumann predicted that he would; and in his later days his intimate friend Hanslick and a small herd of followers asserted that he did. He was run as the prophet of the classical school with all

the force of all who hated Wagner and had not brains enough to understand either Brahms's or Wagner's music; he became the god of all the musical dullards in Europe; and it is small wonder that he took himself with immense seriousness. A little more intelligence, ever so little more, would have shown him that, despite the noise of those who perhaps admired him less than they dreaded Wagner, he was not the man they said he was. He had not a great matter to utter; what he had he could not utter in the classical form; yet he tried to write in classical form—a proceeding that could only be justified if it enabled him to communicate to the world—as Beethoven did in the third, fifth and ninth symphonies—a noble and new idea. If ever a musician was born a happy, careless romanticist, that musician was Brahms—he was even a romanticist in the narrower sense, inasmuch as he was fond rather of the gloomy, mysterious and dismal than of sunlight and the blue sky; and whenever his imagination warmed he straightway began breaking the bonds in which he had endeavoured to work. But that miserable article of Schumann—deplorable gush that has been tolerated, nay, admired, only because it is Schumann's—the evil influence of the pseudo-classicism of Mendelssohn and his followers, the preposterous over-praise of Hanslick—these things drove Brahms into the mistake never made by the really able men. Wilkes denied that he ever was a Wilksite; Wagner certainly never was a Wagnerite; there are people who ask whether Christ was ever a Christian. But Brahms became more and more a devoted Brahmsite; he accepted himself as the guardian of the great classical tradition (which never existed); and he wrote more and more dull music. It is idle to tell me he is austere when my inner consciousness tells me he is merely barren, and idler to ask me feel beauty when my ears report no beauty to me. Whenever his music is good it will be found that he has derived the emotion from a poem, or else that there is no emotion but only very fine decorative work. In most of his bigger works—the symphonies, the German Requiem, the Serious songs he wrote in his latter days—he sacrificed the beauty he might have attained to the expression of emotions he never felt; he assumed the pose and manner of a master telling us great things, and talked like a pompous duffer. An exception must be made: one emotion Brahms had felt and did communicate. It was his tragedy that he had no original emotion, no rich inner life, but lived through the days on the merely prosaic plane; and he seems to have felt that it was his tragedy. Anyhow, the one original emotion he brought into music is a curious mournful dissatisfaction with life and with death. The only piece of his I know in which the feeling is intolerably poignant, seems to cut like a knife, is his setting of that sad song of Goethe's about the evening wind dashing the vine-leaves and the raindrops against the window pane; and in this song, as also in the movement in one of the quartets evolved from the song, the mournfulness becomes absolutely pitiable despair. Brahms was not cast in the big mould, and he spent a good deal of his later time in pitying himself. It is curious that one of his last works was the batch of Serious songs, which consist of dismal meditations on the darkness and dirt of the grave and feebly felt hopes that there is something better on the other side. That does not strike one as in the vein of the big men.

Much of Brahms's music is bad and ugly music, dead music; it is a counterfeit and not the true and perfect image of life indeed; and it should be buried or cremated at the earliest opportunity. But much of it is wonderfully beautiful—almost but never quite as beautiful as the great men at their best. There are passages in the Tragic overture that any composer might be proud to have written. If the opening of the D symphony is thin, unreal, an attempt at pastoral gaiety which has resulted merely in lack of character, at any rate the second theme is delightful; if the opening of the slow movement is also twaddle there are pleasant passages later on; the dainty allegretto is as fresh and fragrant as a wild rose; and the finale, though void of significance, is full of an energy rare in Brahms. I mention these things because they happened to be played, and finely played, by Mr. Wood at this

Brahms concert; but I might mention a score of other magnificent pieces or passages. Then there are many of the songs in which Brahms's astonishing felicity of phrase, and his astounding trick of finding expression for an emotion when the emotion has been given to him, enable him almost to work miracles. And it must be remembered that all his music is irreproachable from the technical point of view. Brahms is certainly with Bach, Mozart and Wagner in point of musicianship: in fact these four might be called the greatest masters of sheer music who have lived. A Brahms score is as wonderful as a Wagner score; from beginning to end there is not a misplaced note nor a trace of weakness; and one stands amazed before the consummate workmanship of the thing. The only difference between the Wagner score and the Brahms score is that while the former is always alive, always the product of a fervent inner life, the latter is sometimes alive too, but more frequently as dead as a doormat, the product of extreme facility and (I must suppose) an extraordinary inherited musical instinct divorced from the power of exalted thought and feeling. The difference may be felt when you compare a Brahms and a Tschaikowsky symphony. Although in his later years Tschaikowsky acquired a mastery of the technique of music, and succeeded in keeping his scores clear and clean, he never arrived at anything approaching Brahms's certainty of touch, and neither his scoring nor his counterpoint has Brahms's perfection of workmanship. Yet one listens to Tschaikowsky, for the present at least, with intense pleasure, and wants to listen again. I have yet to meet any one who pretends to have received any intense pleasure from a Brahms symphony. But that is neither here nor there. Brahms is dead; the old floods of adulation will no longer be poured forth by the master's disciples; neither will the enemies his friends made for him have any reason to depreciate his music; and ultimately it will be possible to form a fair, unbiased judgment on him. This article is a mere casual utterance, by the way. J. F. R.

HER MAJESTY'S.

"The Seats of the Mighty." In a Prologue and Three Acts. Her Majesty's Theatre (opening performance in the new building), 28 April, 1897.

"Lost, Stolen, or Strayed." An original musical farce in three acts, by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse. Duke of York's Theatre, 27 April, 1897.

WHEN Mr. Beerbohm Tree is called to his last audit by the Recording Angel, the account will show two prominent items on opposite sides. The credit one will be Her Majesty's Theatre; the debit, Falstaff. And we can imagine Mr. Tree thereupon exclaiming, "You are a pretty sort of Recording Angel. Why, everybody—except one fool of a Saturday Reviewer—is agreed that my Falstaff was a masterpiece, whereas that theatre nearly ruined me and brought me no more thanks than if I had built a new shop in Oxford Street." I may be in too great a hurry in anticipating such public ingratitude; but I have a very poor opinion of London in its collective capacity. It is alike incapable of appreciating a benefit and of resenting an outrage. For example, one of the finest views in the world is within a minute's walk of Charing Cross. Go down Villiers Street and ascend the first stairs to your right after you pass the music-hall. This brings you into the loggia attached to the wall of the South-Eastern terminus, and leading to the Hungerford footbridge. He who designed this loggia was no Orcagna, though he had such a chance as Orcagna never had in Florence. It is a dismal square hole in a mass of dirty bricks, through which men hurry with loathing. Yet if you look out through one of the holes—preferably the last but one—made for the convenience of the east wind, you will find the view magnificent. Right into one of the foci of that view, London, without a murmur, permitted Mr. Jabez Balfour to dump the building which is now the Hotel Cecil, just as it allowed the London Pavilion Music-hall to spoil Piccadilly Circus. If that building had darkened the smallest window of a rag

and bone shop, the proprietor thereof would have been supported by all the might of the State in maintaining his "ancient lights." But because all London—nay, all the world that visits London—was injured, there was no placard with "Ancient View" on it put up in that grimy loggia. If the malefactor had confined himself to injuring the public collectively, he would by this time have been one of our most eminent citizens. Unfortunately, he trifled with private property; and we instantly stretched out our hand to the uttermost parts of the earth whither he had fled; seized him; and cast him into prison. If the question had been one of beneficence instead of maleficence, we should have shown the same hyperæsthesia to a private advantage, the same anæsthesia to a public one. Mr. Tree has given London a theatre. There is nothing in that by itself: a theatre is rather a promising speculation just at present; and in England theatres can be built more cheaply than anywhere else in the world: in fact, calculating the cost in the usual way per head of the seating capacity of the house, we find that whereas in some Continental cities, where the theatre rivals the parliament house or the cathedral as a public building, the cost is over £300 a head, in England we have achieved the commercial triumph of getting the cost down to £7. If Mr. Tree had allowed his public spirit to carry him to the length of £10 per head, and then celebrated his first night by presenting every lady in the audience with a locket and every gentleman with a cigarette case (by arrangement with the advertising agents), his munificence would have been extolled to the skies, and the compliments to his public spirit and the handsomeness of his theatre would have been word for word just as they are at present; for to the Press a manager is a manager, and whether he gives you a theatre like Terry's or one like Daly's or the Garrick or the Palace, the acknowledgments are the same.

Under these circumstances the fact that Her Majesty's is no £7 commercial affair, but quite the handsomest theatre in London, must go altogether to the credit of Mr. Tree's public spirit and artistic conscience. I do not mean that more money has been spent on Her Majesty's than Mr. D'Oyly Carte lavished so splendidly on his New English Opera House, now the Palace Music-hall. I should not be surprised to hear that, if a few special items are left out of the question, Mr. Tree has spent less in proportion than Mr. Hare or Mr. Daly. He has had the good sense—a very rare quality in England where artistic matters are in question—to see that a theatre which is panelled, and mirrored, and mantelpieced like the first-class saloon of a Peninsular and Oriental liner or a Pullman drawing-room car, is no place for "Julius Cæsar," or indeed for anything except tailor-made drama and farcical comedy. When you enter it you do not feel that you have walked into a Tottenham Court Road shop window, or smirk with a secret sense of looking as if you kept a carriage and belonged to a smart club; you feel that you are in a place where high scenes are to be enacted and dignified things to be done. And this is the first quality a theatre should have. The old theatres, with all their false notions of splendour and their barbarous disregard of modern ideas of health, comfort and decency, always kept this in view; and that is why the best of them, when supplemented by a couple of adjacent houses and modified by a little rearrangement and sanitary engineering, are better than the theatres of the Robertsonian era, with their first-class-carriage idealism. Nobody can say of Her Majesty's that it proclaims itself a place built by a snob for the entertainment of snobs with snobbish plays. It rises spaciiously and brilliantly to the dignity of art; and if its way of doing so is still elegantly rhetorical and Renascent in conception, yet that style is not altogether the wrong one for a theatre; and it is wonderfully humanized and subtilized by the influence of modern anti-Renaissance ideas on the decoration. For this Mr. Romaine-Walker cannot be too generously praised. He has stepped in just at the point where Mr. Phipps might have spoiled as a decorator what he has wrought as an architect. M. Höfler's Fontainebleau chandelier fits into the decorative scheme perfectly; and Mr. Dignam's stained canvas act drop, which produces the effect of an impossibly

expensive Gobelin's tapestry, is a convincing discovery of what an act drop ought to be, though I make no excuse for Coppel or for Dido and Eneas (Raphael's Parnassus, the act drop of the old theatre, was a much happier subject). And so we get the new beauty with the old elevation of sentiment. The Lyceum and Drury Lane, old as they are, would, if they were destroyed, be regretted as the Garrick and Daly's would never be regretted, but not more than Her Majesty's, which has as yet no associations.

Although the practical comfort of the audience has been carefully and intelligently looked after, there are one or two points in which I am not sure that I should exactly copy Her Majesty's if I were building a theatre myself. The perfectly horizontal stage is of course to be preferred for some purposes to the ordinary sloping one. Most playgoers have seen and laughed at the way in which a pencil, stick, or log of firewood accidentally dropped on the stage rolls down the stage to the footlights; but few of them understand the difficulties raised by the slope now that "flats" stand at angles to the footlights instead of parallel to them, as in the age of "wings." On the other hand, the more the stage slopes, the less steeply need the auditorium be banked up to command a view of it; and it must be confessed that the view of the stage from the back rows of the gallery at Her Majesty's is as foreshortened as that from the operatic altitudes of Covent Garden with its many tiers of boxes. This gallery will not, I understand, be always used; but it seems to me that it would be better, instead of wasting it on ordinary occasions, to set it apart at a charge of sixpence or even less for such faithful supporters of high art as the working-man with a taste for serious drama—especially Shakespeare—and the impecunious student, male and female, who will go to the stalls or balcony later in life. These people would not, like the shilling god, expect the drama to be written down to them; and once they found their way to that gallery it would never be empty. For the working-men connoisseurs, though they represent a very small percentage of their class, yet belong to an enormously large class, and so are absolutely more numerous than might be expected from their relative scarcity.

Further, I would abolish all upholstery in the nature of plush and velvet. Its contact with the sitter is so clingingly intimate that it stops the circulation in the smaller vessels near the skin, so that the playgoer at last finds himself afflicted with "pins and needles" from the small of his back to his calves. At Bayreuth there is no upholstery—only a broad, cane-bottomed seat. This gets rid of the stuffiness which makes the stalls of some theatres less wholesome than the pit; but it would prove rather Spartan accommodation after a time if the audience did not leave the theatre for an hour between each act. In London we require cushions; but they should be covered with woollen cloth, and the stuffing should be unadulterated. At Her Majesty's the three rows of stalls next the pit, which are to be had for six shillings, are not plushy; so that to the man who sits down sensitively and knows the realities of things from the conventions, they are better upholstered than the half-guinea seats covered in velvet.

The first night was exceeding glorious. Our unique English loyalty—consisting in a cool, resolute determination to get the last inch of advertisement out of the Royal Family—has seldom been better pushed. Not a man in the house but felt that the Jubilee was good for trade. Mr. Tree told us that he would never disgrace the name the theatre bore; and his air as he spoke was that of a man who, on the brink of forgery, arson and bigamy, was saved by the feeling that the owner of Her Majesty's Theatre must not do such things. Mr. Alfred Austin contributed as straightforward and businesslike a piece of sycophancy in rhyme as ever a Poet Laureate penned; and Mrs. Tree recited it with an absence of conviction that was only emphasized by her evident desire to please us all. Miss Clara Butt showed what a Royal College of Music can make of a magnificent voice in singing "God Save the Queen" at full length (with a new verse thrown in) alternately with the Queen's Hall choir, the whole audience standing up determinedly meanwhile, with the Prince of Wales representing Royalty at one corner,

Mr. Labouchere representing Republicanism at the other, and the British Public representing Good Taste (formerly known as Hypocrisy) in the middle. The contents of the pay-boxes, it was announced, amid the enthusiasm of those who, like myself, had not paid for their seats, are to be handed over to the Prince of Wales's Ratepayers' Relief Fund. The proceedings terminated with a play, in which Mr. and Mrs. Tree, Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Janette Steer, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Murray Carson, Mr. Mollison, Mr. Holmes-Gore, Mr. Gerald Du Maurier and about a dozen other artists had the honour of appearing.

Among the triumphs of Man over Nature I must reckon Mr. Bouchier's reappearance in London—at The Strand—with a figure whose profile shows no trace of convexity. Whether it was done in a few seconds by a steam-roller, or by a month of hard training, I do not know: all I can say is that Mr. Bouchier, whom I once reproached for physical redundancy, is now a model of athletic grace. He now plays Dr. Johnson as well as Sir Cecil Crofton; and an excellent piece of acting it is, wonderfully credible, and executed with the sort of skill and tact that stamp the born actor. "The Queen's Proctor" is as amusing as ever; but Miss Violet Vanbrugh is beginning to suffer from the necessity of pretending to be an Italian. The rage for assumed foreign accents on the stage now is worse than the rage for single eyeglasses in the day of H. J. Byron. On the first night, when the parts were only skin deep, Miss Vanbrugh's Stella was none the worse for being an Italian; but she would by this time have developed into something much more real and certainly more intelligible verbally, as an English-speaking woman, which Lady Crofton might easily be, volcanic temperament and all. This is probably why Miss Vanbrugh has not improved her part of the play as much as Mr. Bouchier has improved his, though her performance is still very brilliant and fascinating. Besides, the Italian accent would not impose on an infant who had ever heard a real Italian speaking English. The other parts are as well done as they were at the Royalty, Mr. Hendrie being replaced by that always more than competent actor, Mr. Fred Thorne.

"Lost, Stolen, or Strayed," the new musical farce at the Duke of York's Theatre, is a capital piece of its kind. The composer, Mr. Woolson Morse, is a musician of resource, well up in Meyerbeer, Massenet, Verdi, and the operatic melodramatists: his score is just what is wanted. The acting is, if anything, too good. Mr. Barnes and Mr. de Lange, at any rate, ought to be better employed, even if Mr. Robb Harwood may be regarded as in his proper grotesque element. Mr. Arthur Styan's Cuban Borgia is a genuine bit of acting: the second scene of the second act, in which he is associated with Miss Decima Moore and Mr. Barnes, achieved a perfectly legitimate comedy success. I was able to separate it from the accompanying pantomime business of Mr. Wheeler on the ladder and Mr. Harwood with the untameable clock all the better as I could not see either of these gentlemen, my stall not being one of those which have the advantage (like all the seats in Her Majesty's) of commanding a view of the stage. The dance in the last act would be an unalloyed success if the cruel, silly, forced, ugly high kicking were left out. The *jeune premier chantant*, Mr. Appleby, is not a bore: his cues to the band are welcome; and Miss Decima Moore is better than ever. The piece will probably run to the end of the century. G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE City has become quite reconciled to the war in the East, and prices stand pretty much where they did before Easter. Consols remain at 112, and money is plentiful at rates which would certainly bring down the Bank of England to its minimum once more, if it were not for the foreign demand for gold. This week's Return, however, shows an increase of just over £200,000 in the reserve of gold coin and bullion, which now amounts to £34,092,000. In the Stock Markets business is still quiet, but the tone has improved in most departments, Home Railways again leading the

way. Foreign Stocks are also at better prices, and even the Greek 1881 Bonds rose 1 on Thursday, probably because buyers thought that the price was so low that it could scarcely fall any lower. Argentine securities have been in strong demand, and the market seems inclined to place faith in the promise of full payment of the interest of the Government debt. It is stated that the Government intends to issue bonds to the amount of \$35,000,000 gold, with a 1 per cent. amortization, in substitution for the whole of the provincial loans. It is quite possible that the favourable report on the resources and expenditure of the country which is asserted to have influenced the recent action of the Government may be justified, and we believe that a further improvement in prices may be looked for; but the public has learned by bitter experience not to place too much reliance on Argentine methods of finance.

The Mining Market remains dull, and has not been assisted by the announcement of a fresh issue of £725,000 Consolidated Goldfields stock at par! The precise object of this singular manœuvre on the part of the directors is not too plain; but its immediate effect has been to send down the price of the existing stock still further, and to depress the South African market generally. Of course, the continuance of strained relations with the Transvaal Government is mainly responsible for the depreciation of South African securities; but those who believe, as we do, that the counsels of common sense and common interest will eventually prevail, may derive considerable comfort from the annual report, just published, of the Ferreira Gold-mining Company.

The following is the balance sheet, in a condensed form, for the half-year ending 31 December, 1896:—

Dr.			Cr.		
To Capital Account,	£	s. d.	By Mine Property Ac-	£	s. d.
90,000 £1 Shares ..	90,000	0 0	count, Machinery		
" Native Labour			and Plant, Cash		
Suspense Account	886	2 9	in Standard Bank		
" Sundry Creditors	6,690	15 2	and at Call, &c...	£491,946	13 7
" Profit and Loss—					
Balance at Credit ..	304,369	15 8			
	£491,946	13 7			

The accumulated profit of £394,369 is thus arrived at:—

Dr.			Cr.		
To Mining Expenses....	£	s. d.	By Balance from last year	£	s. d.
" Transport "	117,423	5 4	" Gold Account	266,084	5 2
" Reduction "	2,007	10 6	" Cyanide Works Ac-	355,031	9 2
" Mine Development	31,296	1 9	count	100,461	13 1
Redemption	30,193	0 0	" Concentrates Account	71,344	17 11
" Depreciation Account	46,723	4 10	" Interest Account	1,241	18 0
" Dividend Account ..	171,000	0 0	" Dividends Unclaimed	31	4 0
" Bonus Account	1,000	0 0			
" Special Charges	382	9 3			
" Balance	394,369	15 8			
	£794,195	7 4		£794,195	7 4

Thus, after paying a dividend at the rate of 100 per cent., the mine has a balance to its credit of nearly £400,000, of which about one-third has been earned during the past year. These figures speak for themselves, and we do not hesitate to say that, at the present price of 16, Ferreira stock affords an exceptional opportunity for a lucrative investment.

The Report of the Geldenhuis Deep Mine, on the other hand, must have been disappointing to the shareholders. The milling operations resulted in an average of 111'4 stamps, running 293½ days; 144,062 tons of ore were crushed, which showed the duty per stamp per 24 hours to have been 4'406 tons. The crushing produced 30,236'21 fine oz., or 4'19 dwts. per ton, and the cyanide works, in which 98,440 tons of sands and concentrates were treated, yielded an additional 16,532'96 fine oz., or 3'35 dwts. per ton. The accounts show a net profit of £16,946 on the year's working, or only 2s. 4d. per ton crushed. However, the profit for the first two months of this year is stated to have been at the rate of 7s. 3d. per ton; and, if the Company's difficulties as to native labour can be overcome, there seems fair ground to anticipate a more prosperous year of work.

The report of the Ginsberg Gold Mining Company for the year 1896 shows a net profit of £12,606, which

is about £1,500 more than was brought forward a year ago. The crushings during the fourteen months to 28 February, 1897, have amounted to 31,192 tons, yielding 12,520 oz. of gold, or at the rate of 8'02 dwts. per ton, and there has been a further yield during the same period of 6'03 dwts. per ton on 21,511 tons treated by the cyanide process. The directors point out that the Company's indebtedness for loan and overdraft will at the present rate of working be extinguished very shortly; but at the meeting the Chairman frankly admitted that the undertaking could not be expected to become profitable so long as existing conditions as to native labour continue.

The report of the Aurora West United Gold Mining Company states that 61,099 tons of ore are in sight, averaging 24 dwts. per ton fire assay. There is a balance of £34,572 to the credit of profit and loss, which is derived from the premium on the additional issue of shares.

The stock consolidation scheme passed at the meeting of the Lancashire & Yorkshire Railway seems to be a sound one. It is, in fact, the conversion of one Four per Cent. Preference stock and four Three and a Half per Cent. Preference stock into one Consolidated Preference stock bearing a 3 per cent. rate of interest. It will rank for dividend after the Four per Cent. Consolidated Guaranteed stock. A large stock at a low rate of interest is generally a more marketable security, and in the case of most of the heavy lines bears a relatively higher value, than smaller stock at higher interest. As the recent traffic returns of the Lancashire & Yorkshire Company have been exceptionally good we look for a substantial rise in this new stock.

We see that the project for making a Watford, Edgware and London Railway is again before Parliament. In the prospectus issued by the Watford Railway Syndicate, Limited, the public is told that "the proposed line will be a lucrative one." That depends. The capital of the Watford, Edgware and London Company (if Parliament passes the Bill in its deposited form) will be £240,000, with £80,000 borrowing powers, together £320,000. To pay 4 per cent. on this the Company would have to earn £12,800 net, and that means full £32,000 a year gross if the line is to be worked for 60 per cent. of the receipts; that is to say (the line will be 7½ miles long), the railway will have to earn about £82 per mile per week. This is not likely. The Great Eastern only earns £67 per mile per week, the South-Western £60, the Tilbury £53, to take three instances of fairly prosperous railways. But it is not likely that the line will be worked for 60 per cent. of its receipts. Experts give 70 as a more likely percentage figure. The Company's only hope of recouping its shareholders lies in a sale of the undertaking to the Great Northern Railway Company. The Great Northern Company might offer to work the line as a continuation of their Edgware branch, but we doubt if they would buy it, save at a figure which would be very unsatisfactory to the Company selling.

An unhappy dispute, we hear, has arisen between the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways which is likely to result in severe rate cutting. The first-named Company proposed to divide all business to the Kootenay district with the other and to take 50 per cent. of the total receipts. The Canadian Pacific object to this on account of their long carriage by water, and propose 60 per cent., in addition to differential rates on the traffic by the Lakes. The reply of the Grand Trunk is, however, that, serving Eastern Canada, they claim 80 per cent. of the traffic. Both sides threaten action; but it is hoped some amicable arrangement may be come to, and so prevent what would, from a shareholder's point of view, be a deplorable cutting of rates.

We understand that the syndicate formed for underwriting the issue of the New York Central Railroad has received subscriptions largely in excess of the amount required, and allotments are now being made. The issue price is about 2½ per cent. This support is somewhat surprising after the discouraging reception ac-

corded to the Lake Shore funding schemes. However, as the rearrangement seems to be an excellent one, the success of such a scheme cannot be wondered at.

Our note of last week concerning the exports of gold from the United States has been justified by the exportation of \$1,000,000 in gold to Austria. \$155,000,000 in gold remains in the United States Treasury; \$87,000,000 in the New York banks; and \$58,000,000 in the vaults of the Clearing House. It is rumoured that \$20,000,000 in gold will be sent to England during the course of the summer; but at present we hesitate to accept the statement, however welcome it may be.

The Uruguayan Government has now issued an official denial of the report that it proposes any further loan for the purpose of crushing the rebellion. The Government, we are assured, is in no financial difficulty, and has sufficient funds in hand to pay its indebtedness up to next December, besides \$800,000 to its credit in the new Uruguayan State Bank, to say nothing of other constantly accumulating resources. It would be interesting to know whether this roseate estimate has been arrived at after providing for the war expenditure. In 1890 the Uruguayan Government announced that it had over \$70,000,000 deposited in the National Bank. But this was before the revolution of that year. After the revolution the Government was without even sufficient funds to meet its daily expenses.

Buenos Ayres is at present revelling in the luxury of a land boom. We hear that as many as 120 auctions were held on a recent Sunday. Over 1,000 bidders were present, and 101 lots were sold to 60 buyers. The prices realized were very high in nearly every case, while in some cases they were quite unprecedented. We are not very amorous of South American land booms, and it is devoutly to be hoped that this does not mark the beginning of another period of inflated values in Argentina.

The croakers who bewail the lack of British enterprise will possibly be glad to hear that a gentleman is at present in Mexico engaged in preliminary negotiations with a view to extending the connexion of several large British firms in South and Central America. Amongst the firms interested we understand are Messrs. Keiller, of marmalade fame, Day & Martin, Schweppe, Wright & Greig, Blondeau (Vinolia Soap), Lumley & Co., R. & J. Beck, and others—a sufficiently varied list. It is believed that German and French firms, who have practically had the monopoly of these districts, are somewhat concerned at this move on the part of the grasping Britisher, and interesting developments are looked for.

The depreciation of Brazilian securities is appropriately accompanied by the news that a Brazilian Committee has been formed to support Greece in her attitude towards Turkey and Crete, and to assist the cause of the Greeks as far as practicable. This will no doubt encourage the Greeks immensely in their further struggles; but it will scarcely do much towards improving the internal condition of Brazil, which just now might have been thought to afford a sufficiently anxious field for the thoughts and energies of its people.

In little more than two years—that is to say, on 16 July, 1899—British and other foreign residents in Japan will lose the privilege of extra-territoriality which they now enjoy, and will be subject to Japanese jurisdiction in civil and criminal matters. In return for the surrender of extra-territoriality, the Japanese Government has consented to remove the restrictions which now confine foreigners to the Treaty Ports, and to grant them the right to freely trade or manufacture in any part of the Japanese Empire, but not to hold real estate. Japan is the first Asiatic Power to be given full control over the lives and liberties of Europeans within her dominions, and the experiment will be watched with interest. It cannot, however, create much confidence among British residents in Japan to find that before the new treaty comes into force the Japanese Government is engaged in framing legislation in direct defiance of its provisions.

The new Anglo-Japanese Treaty provides that in matters of trade and commerce British subjects in Japan shall be treated on equal footing with native subjects, and it is expressly stipulated that the former shall pay the same export and import duties and participate in any bounties paid the latter for the encouragement of trade. Yet, notwithstanding such stipulations, we find that at the last Session of the Diet the Japanese Government introduced a Bill for the encouragement of direct export, in which it is provided that "subsidies" shall be paid upon the export of silk by individual Japanese subjects or by companies which are exclusively composed of Japanese. This measure, which was approved by the Lower House almost without discussion, and was passing through the Upper House when the last mail left, comes into force on 1 April, 1898, some fifteen months previous to the operation of the new treaty, and remains in force for a term of eight years. "Subsidies" are, of course, bounties under another name, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the measure is simply the thin end of the wedge which is to force British merchants out of the country. It would be interesting to learn if our Minister at Tokio has made any protest against the flagrant disregard of treaty provisions exhibited by the Japanese Government in this matter.

The amount of the calls on new issues falling due in May is comparatively small, being only £2,902,000, as against £5,260,000 in May 1896. Of this sum the issues of miscellaneous Companies are responsible for £2,100,000, the heaviest call being on the Mortgage Debenture Stock of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton & Co., which will amount to more than a quarter of a million sterling. On new Corporation stocks £607,000 falls due this month, and £200,000 on railway securities. Very few mining undertakings have been launched recently, and the calls are insignificant.

The absorption by J. & P. Coats, Limited, of several other large thread undertakings appears to have been crowned with success, for the Company have declared a dividend of 20s. per share on the Ordinary shares for the half-year ending 31 December last, being at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum. The business is well managed and its prospects seem equal to its performance. Since 1892 dividends have been declared as follows:—1892-4, 8 per cent.; 1895, 10 per cent.; and 1896, 26 per cent. At the present price of 64 or 65 the shares offer a promising investment.

It is rumoured that the directors of Sanitas, Limited, propose to treble the capital of the Company and buy out the rights of the Managing Director, at the price of 46,000 fully-paid £1 shares. The justification attempted for this extraordinary watering of the capital is that, as the nominal amount of dividend will be reduced, therefore the temptation offered to other firms to compete with the Company will be proportionately diminished. This argument is a little beyond our grasp, and we prefer to hope that the rumour does not possess the demerit of accuracy.

The American trade returns for the last fiscal year, which have just been received, are interesting and timely. They enable us to see exactly what share we enjoy of the country's imports and exports, and exactly how we stand in comparison with our rivals. In 1896, as much as 34·64 per cent. of the whole volume of this trade was with the United Kingdom, as compared with 11·56 per cent. for Germany, 6·83 per cent. for France, 6·15 per cent. for Canada and the rest of British North America (the West Indies excepted), 5·13 per cent. for Brazil, 5·10 for the West Indies, 3·16 per cent. for the Netherlands, 2·48 per cent. for Italy, 2 per cent. for Japan, &c. Though our proportion, as measured by values, is smaller than in 1893, when it stood at 35·24 per cent., the decrease is in imports from America, exports in that period showing an improvement of '68 per cent. Germany's exports in the same time went up from 11·11 to 20·09 per cent. Europe, of course, does the largest business with the States, the value of its commerce last year being \$1,091,682,874 out of a grand total of \$1,662,331,612. And of the European figure, the United Kingdom accounted for \$575,704,773, or 52·74

per cent. In view of the dislocation of relations threatened by the Dingley tariff, these comparisons should prove of some usefulness.

We have already referred to President McKinley's observations on the state of the American mercantile marine. This report before us enables us to judge of the sad pass to which American shipping has come by the perpetuation of the country's navigation laws for a full generation after they have ceased to protect, or at least to be of value to, the domestic shipbuilder. No more than 12 per cent. of the whole inward and outward trade during the fiscal year 1896 was carried in American vessels. The American tonnage entered was 5,196,320 tons out of 20,989,184 tons, or 24.76 per cent.; and cleared, 5,329,599 tons out of 21,414,585 tons, or 24.89 per cent. Seeing that only 12 per cent. of the value of the commerce was done under the American flag, it seems to follow that one-half of the tonnage which entered and cleared was in ballast or else carried very poor cargoes. Of the 19,296 foreign ships, steam and sail, of 15,792,864 tons which entered, 15,683 of 11,168,065 tons were British (including Canadian); and of the 19,534 ships of 16,084,986 tons which cleared, 15,859 of 11,365,196 tons were also British. Germany, which is making some progress in the shipping trade by the aid of liberal bounties, is a very poor second with 1,626,825 tons entered, and 1,685,705 tons cleared; and Norway third with 939,067 tons and 947,742 tons respectively. In other words, British vessels carry over 53 per cent. of the outward, and nearly 51 per cent. of the inward commerce of the States, while Germany has 7½, and Norway 4½ per cent. of both. No wonder the patriotic soul of the President is staggered at the contemplation of this condition of things.

Comparisons are supposed on good authority to be odious. They may be, but sometimes they are useful. We are led to this weighty reflection by the excellence of the report upon which the above figures are based. The perfunctory gentlemen of our Board of Trade would do their country a service which they owe to it if they would compile the trade and navigation returns of the United Kingdom with but half the fulness and but half the lucidity which characterize the work of the Washington Bureau of Statistics. The report before us is in four quarto volumes, and makes 1,432 pages in all. But it is not only that the American returns are elaborate: they are exhaustive in the proper sense of the word, and admirably arranged. They show the quantities and values of the imports and exports of every individual article by countries and customs' districts. They give us, as our Board of Trade does, the number, tonnage, and nationality of all the vessels engaged in the foreign trade; but so far from throwing these details all in one lump, the Bureau presents us with tables showing the entries at and departures from each port of native and foreign vessels, as well as the value and tonnage in respect of different countries, and also with the nationalities, tonnage, &c., of all the vessels participating in the trade of each foreign country with the United States. We have had occasion more than once before this to point out some of the more flagrant shortcomings of our Board of Trade. A study of the American returns would convince the Department, if it was open to conviction, that in the presentation of our returns—the monthly and the annual, and more especially the annual—there is plenty of room for improvement.

CORRESPONDENCE.

KINGFISHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

76 SLOANE STREET, S.W., 24 April.

SIR,—Mr. Collinson in a letter to you on "The Destruction of Rare Birds," in which I agree, speaks of "the near extinction" of the kingfisher. This statement, which is often made, is an erroneous one and may damage our case. Some years ago when I gave evidence on behalf of Thames users before the Select Committee on the Thames, I had to allude to kingfisher-shooting, and the result was a clause which prevented all shooting on the river. Since that time the bird has increased on

the Thames, and there are as many now as there were in 1863, when I first began to row much on the river. At Dockett Eddy I have two nests this spring, though I have seldom previously known more than one. A third pair was broken by a recent shooting case; but, owing to the public spirit of an innkeeper at Chertsey Bridge, prosecution and conviction followed.—I am, yours faithfully,

CHARLES W. DILKE.

BRITISH RECRUITS FROM THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

NEW YORK CITY, U.S., 30 March, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—It seems absurd that the British army should be in need of recruits when New York, Chicago, and other American cities contain thousands of able-bodied young Britons who, out of work and destitute, would be only too glad of an opportunity to return home and become soldiers. It is no exaggeration to say that of the thousands of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen who arrive in the United States each month, not five per cent. manage to secure employment sufficiently remunerative to enable them to live. Instead of returning home while they possess the means, they remain, in most cases, until the last penny is gone and they are compelled to beg for food.

If the British Consuls in this country were to be authorized to furnish transportation home to all these young fellows who would agree to enlist as soon as they got back, the British army would soon be in the fortunate position of the United States army, which has more recruits than it needs.—Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER.

"ODERINT DUM METUANT."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

BRADFIELD COLLEGE, BERKSHIRE.

DEAR SIR,—May I, without incurring the charge of pedantry, point out a wrong reference in a recent issue? The familiar words "Oderint dum metuunt" are not to be found in Tacitus. They are quoted three times by Cicero, and as often by Seneca, from the tragedian Attius, a contemporary of the Gracchi. They would seem to have been rather associated with the Sullar reign of terror, if one may judge from the way in which Seneca introduces them. Suetonius remarks that this was a favourite quotation with Tiberius, and it may be added to the many crimes of that tyrant that he misquoted "Oderint dum metuunt." Caligula, according to the same authority, was in the habit of quoting the words, but he had the grace to quote them correctly.—Yours faithfully,

J. H. VINCE.

BEETROOT AND BOUNTIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE, NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE.

SIR,—General Sir Henry Wylie Norman, Sir Edward Grey, and Sir David Barbour have been appointed to be Commissioners "to inquire into the conditions and prospects of the West India Sugar-growing Islands."

"The wording of this communication"—as the "Standard" said in an article some time ago—"is not quite clear."

My friends and colleagues of the West Indian Press very naturally desire to know if the two following subjects—viz.: (1) Ridiculously expensive administration and (2) Mal-Administration—come within the scope of the duties of the Royal Commissioners. The West Indian Press have doubtless been able to give very distinct and explicit explanations to the Royal Commissioners on the spot in the different islands, and would certainly not fail to do so.

The British taxpayers who pay for this Royal Commission have, I should think, the full right to know what they are paying the Royal Commissioners to do; and it would certainly be more satisfactory to the public of this country, who wish well to the suffering West Indian colonists, if the scope of the duties of the Royal Commissioners had been more clearly defined before their departure.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES HENEAGE.

REVIEWS.

OUR FOOD AND COMMERCE IN WAR TIME.

"War, Famine, and our Food Supply." By R. B. Marston. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1897.

"Our Commerce in War; and how to protect it." By J. T. Danson. London: Blades, East & Blades. 1897.

OCCASIONALLY there comes to us all a suspicion of the utter dependence of this country upon the foreigner for its food supplies. But the British mind, convinced that (while it is not perfect) its navy is the most powerful and its merchant marine the largest and swiftest in the world, refuses to entertain seriously the notion of a blockade of the English coasts so complete as to prevent a single grain-laden ship from running in safety. There are among us, however, some worthy gentlemen who, being cursed with nerves and not altogether convinced that Britannia still rules the waves, contrive to work themselves up into such a terrible frenzy over the contemplation of the horrors of slow starvation with inimical cruisers round the coast that they cannot sleep o' nights for thinking on the subject. Mr. Marston, we gather, is not deficient in patriotism, but he has nerves, which in these circumstances induce misgiving all round and make a man regard too seriously the many "grave international situations" which are brought along every now and again in order to give diplomatists something to do, and Radical newspapers something to get emotional about. Of course Mr. Marston has his theory of the way whereby starvation might be staved off and foreign cruisers confounded. Every one who is impressed with England's helplessness in this matter of food supply has his theory, which he advances, oftener than not, with much ingenuity. Mr. Marston's proposal is that we should gradually accumulate in suitable and protected centres a supply of wheat equal to the amount (25,000,000 quarters or thereabouts) imported in a year; that we should make it illegal to sell, or in other words to throw on to the market, a single sack of the reserve of corn, except to avert famine, and then sell it to the corn-merchants to be re-sold by them only at such reasonable profit as may be fixed by law; and that we should keep this reserve always and for ever in good condition by the compulsory exchange of it for the new corn of each year's importation on such a basis that the merchant cannot suffer any loss or inconvenience on the transaction. As the purchase of such a vast quantity of wheat as 25,000,000 quarters at one time might be supposed to upset the calculations of growers and dealers and consumers, Mr. Marston would have its acquisition spread over five years. This scheme he believes would give us a reserve of wheat that "would be adequate, never deteriorate, be safe, and during peace-time never have the slightest influence on the corn market." We are sorry to say we cannot agree with him. Quite apart from the cost of granaries, interest on the initial investment, commissions, &c., it seems to us there would be a constant disturbance of the corn market; and we believe that if Mr. Marston were fully informed of the conditions under which business is carried on in that market, he would be of the same mind. We may admit that, as usual, he argues his case with much plausibility; but close examination will convince most readers that it lacks a backbone of reasonableness and practicableness. We have neither space, time, nor inclination to criticize the scheme exhaustively, because that would involve a discussion of numerous side issues as well as the main points; and to do so in brief would be unsatisfactory to us and would probably not convert Mr. Marston or anybody else. We have stated the position which he holds as plainly and as fairly as possible: those who choose to follow up the matter may do so for themselves.

Mr. Danson desires that in time of war private property in transit on the high seas shall be sacred, and that belligerent ships shall not attempt to capture it or hinder its free passage. The sentiments which prompt Mr. Danson's advocacy do credit to his heart, and we think, with him, that the scheme is a most excellent

one; for if the other nations would agree to leave our commerce alone when they attack us, we could look forward to the result of the attack with agreeable equanimity; and we do not at all mind Mr. Danson, or any one else, proposing to foreign States that they shall promise to refrain from hitting us in our vulnerable spot. The question is, will they refrain? Mr. Danson thinks they will, and he bases his belief on the Declaration of Paris. That Declaration affirmed four points: the abolition of privateering, the security of neutral goods and of enemy's goods under neutral flag (excepting in both cases contraband of war), and the need for effectiveness in a blockade if the blockade is to be binding. The formal discountenancing of privateering certainly marks an advance on the good old days of plunder, when to the adventurous a war offered as fine a prospect of riches as does the Kaffir Circus at the degenerate end of the century. Now if the forty years which elapsed between the close of our long war and the ratifying of the Paris Declaration sufficed for the taking of this big step, is it not reasonable, asks Mr. Danson, to argue that the forty years which have now elapsed since the Declaration are sufficient to justify England in going to the Powers with a proposal for complete immunity of commerce on the high seas from capture in war?

Mr. Danson, we fear, is too optimistic. England has most to gain from this plan to turn the ocean into a sanctuary: a most weighty argument against the proposal, in the view of other nations. To counter this argument Mr. Danson brings forward the fact that we are the world's hired carriers, and that the world will not want to destroy its own merchandize. There is something in this statement, but surely much less than the author thinks. Let us put a case. France is at war with us. The destruction of our merchant fleet will cripple us more badly than will the shelling of our seaports. Against the former act of war, however, is the objection that some British merchant ships are carrying French goods. But is that a sufficient counterbalance? It is not always, or usually, necessary to sink the merchantman, and when a cargo of goods captured in a British bottom is found to be French it can be sent on unharmed. France, then, in this hypothetical war, will have very much more to gain than to lose by attacking our merchant ships. French merchant vessels will of course be exposed to English capture, but you cannot wage war without exposing yourself to danger, and considering the comparative tonnage of English and French merchantmen, France's danger is but slight. If the other Powers, therefore (in the event of Mr. Danson's suggestion being made by England), consider the matter from the standpoint of possible belligerents, we imagine the chances of acceptance will not be particularly good. But they might (Mr. Danson thinks they would) look at the proposal from the standpoint of neutrals, anxious, in the event of England going to war with some other Power, not only for the safety of their own ships and cargoes—that the Paris Declaration secures to neutrals—but also for the safety of those British bottoms which are carrying their merchandize. If the Powers took up this friendly and commercial attitude there would be more hope for the proposal. But are other nations animated by friendliness to England?

In reality, what Mr. Danson proposes is a return to old times, when the people looked on with indifference at the little wars of kings and knights which were perpetually going on around them. Historians, for example, now tell us that the great Wars of the Roses were for the most part faction fights of which the ordinary inhabitants took scarce any heed; and we are given evidence to show that the dwellers in the countryside a few miles away from the scene of some of the noted battles were actually ignorant that such battles had been fought. The parallel is not exact, of course; for our forefathers would not have been restrained from plundering ships, or anything else that was handy, by considerations of the "mutuality of commerce." But, in effect, Mr. Danson's proposal to confine operations to the armed vessels on either side would have the result of bringing us back to an up-to-date version of the old individual trial of strength warfare. The prospect is agreeable; and, perhaps, some day peaceful citizens will in time of war be undisturbed

by aught save a sportsmanlike desire to back their fancy. Meanwhile, we prefer to trust in a navy strong enough to protect our merchant fleet against all likely aggressors.

DEAN CHURCH'S OCCASIONAL PAPERS.

"Occasional Papers." By the late R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1897.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone, who had been persistently promoting the clerical veterans of the Tractarian war, astonished a younger generation by calling a quiet country parson from his retirement to fill the high post of Dean of St. Paul's, it was publicly predicted by one who has himself since then reached high ecclesiastical position, that the appointment of Church would prove the best and the most important of all the Minister's nominations. So completely was this forecast fulfilled that a dozen or so of years later, when Archbishop Tait died, Premier and people alike desired to follow the precedent of Tillotson and place the Dean of St. Paul's in the chair of St. Augustine. In that short space Church had become, in the public eye, the foremost figure in the Church of England. He came to St. Paul's with the greatest reluctance, for he loved his literary retirement and his peaceful village home, grateful after the stormy Oxford conflicts in which he had borne an important part. A casual acquaintance would have declared that no one could have been less capable of undertaking the herculean labour of reforming that Augean stable of abuses—St. Paul's as it was—than the shy, sensitive scholar who loved his books and shrank from public life. Yet he did it with a courage and self-denial which amounted to heroism. He was associated with a Chapter of men more conspicuous before the world than himself. Liddon was regarded as the greatest preacher in the Church; Lightfoot was probably the first Biblical scholar in England; the present Dean, then Senior Canon, was a born administrator and man of affairs. Yet, in spite of his habitual reserve and self-effacement, it is more than probable that Church's influence upon the Church and the nation to-day remains greater than that of all his Chapter put together. As an administrator he proved himself possessed of gifts of the first rank; as a preacher, though lacking Liddon's skill in rhetorical fireworks, his published volumes of sermons take rank with the few which can claim to be literature; and though he was not a specialist like Lightfoot, his scholarship was as accurate as his, while far more varied, graceful and refined. We should suppose that had Church chosen to devote himself to a single line of literary research or investigation, he would easily have attained a distinguished position. As it was, these volumes show how wide was the range of his reading, how delicate and subtle his literary sense, how disciplined and how independent his judgment of men and things.

Volumes of collected papers, contributed by their authors to journals during a long period of years, are seldom entirely satisfactory. They are almost inevitably ephemeral in occasion and character; they are apt to betray evidence of slightness, inaccuracy, smartness, want of careful safeguarding and balance of statement. It would be too much to say that the essays and papers before us—consisting mainly of contributions to the "Saturday Review" and the "Guardian" between 1846 and 1890—are entirely free from defect or drawback. But it is safe to remark that we can recall no similar collection of reviews and articles which would bear the test of time better than these. There are examples in these pages of brilliant historical portraits, of terse and pointed bits of criticism, of vivid and lucid observation, which are among the best things of their kind in our modern literature. As an instance of the first, take the picture of Wolsey in the article on "Brewer's Henry VIII." (vol. i. p. 380); for the second, look at the concluding remarks on Renan's "Souvenirs d'enfance" (ii. 248 sqq.), or indeed, for the matter of that, almost any part of the four reviews of Renan, which, with that of Lecky, we should be disposed to pronounce the best pieces of critical work in these volumes. For evidence of observation the reader will constantly

come across pungent little sentences which haunt the memory, and seem to sum up the characteristics of an epoch, or a personality, or a controversy with unflinching freshness and insight. As here: "He [Mark Pattison] has left us a collection of interesting and valuable studies, disastrously and indelibly disfigured by an implacable bitterness, in which he but too plainly found the greatest satisfaction." Or again, in dealing with the ostentatious professions on the part of Liberationists that they wish no harm to the Church, but only good: "It is very kind of the revolutionists to wish all this good to the Church, though if the Church is so bad as to need all these good wishes for its improvement, it would be more consistent, and perhaps less cynical, to wish it ruined altogether. Yet even if the Church were likely to thrive better on no bread, there are reasons of public morality why it should not be robbed." Or once more: "M. Thierry never ventures to be amused with St. Jerome; and a man who can write about St. Jerome without being at least sometimes amused at him cannot, we think, be said to have taken his measure."

We must not omit to notice the admirable English of which the Dean was master. In these days of hasty and slipshod writing, full of colloquial journalese and Yankee slang, it is refreshing to find a man who wrote a newspaper article or two regularly every week for nearly half a century, yet always with that fine instinctive sense of style which characterizes the true master in letters. Only a very few of the Dean's contemporaries can be counted his equals in the command of limpid and vigorous English, restrained, dignified, and in the best sense eloquent, getting its effects by no artificial construction of sentences, like Ruskin in his flamboyant mood, but simply by dint of always using the right word. Dean Church was not merely a fine flower of the old Oxford classical scholarship, he was a master of his own tongue.

It only remains to add that his daughter, in editing her father's work, has discharged her task with remarkable tact and judgment. If in her "Life and Letters" of the Dean she did not invariably exhibit the rare qualities which go to the making of an ideal editor of correspondence, Miss Church has in the present volumes included nothing that we could wish omitted; though it is more than possible that she has omitted not a little which we might have wished to be included.

FEMININE EXEGETICS.

"The Woman's Bible." Part I. The Pentateuch, London: The Phoenix Press. 1897.

IT was of course bound to come. Woman, and least of all American woman, could not be expected to submit eternally to the indignities heaped upon her in the name of the Bible, a book written by men for men. Does it not teach "that woman brought sin and death into the world, that she precipitated the fall of the race, that she was arraigned before the judgment seat of Heaven, tried, condemned and sentenced"? And shall woman remain silent under this unjust doom? Mrs. (or is it Miss?) Elizabeth Cady Stanton rose up in her wrath six years ago and said, No! And she called about her the Rev. Phebe Hanaford, the Rev. Augusta Chapin, the Rev. Olympia Brown, and other feminine stalwarts, and they girded up their aprons, if they did not disdain so humble an article of apparel as they disdain the simple prefix of Mrs. or Miss, and formed themselves into a Revising Committee. Woman should have at last a "Woman's Bible," edited by "women of earnestness and liberal ideas, quick to see the real purport of the Bible as regards their sex." Hence this first instalment, giving us their commentaries on the first five books of the Old Testament.

From the introduction, due to the eloquent pen of the editress, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, we realize the great obstacles encountered by these devoted servants of their sex, who doubtless will be remembered as the Early Mothers of the Woman's Church of succeeding centuries. Naturally the Revising Committee were desirous of enlisting the services of feminine Hebrew and Greek scholars, versed in Biblical criticism, "to gild our pages with their learning." But several distinguished women appealed to in this sense were

"afraid that their high reputation and scholarly attainments might be compromised by taking part in an enterprise that for a time may prove very unpopular," an instance of feminine timidity which must have filled their stronger sisters with ineffable disdain. But the defection of the Greek and Hebrew scholars did not dishearten the Committee. They made their standpoint for criticism the Revised Edition of 1888, and the editress declares that "we have many women abundantly endowed with capabilities to understand and revise what men have thus far written." But not in an undevout spirit. E. C. S. still shudders when a child sits upon a family Bible, though her reason has long ago "repudiated its divine authority."

The first chapter of Genesis affords the Revisers an admirable opening, and they are not slow to seize upon the discrepancies in the two versions of the Creation to exalt the position of woman. The plural Elohim in the first account has no difficulties for the feminine commentator. "And God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness. . . . So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them." "It is evident from the language," remarks E. C. S., "that there was consultation in the Godhead, and that the masculine and feminine elements were equally represented." Whence follows by an easy and natural transition the reconstruction of the doctrine of the Trinity. "Instead of three male persons," E. C. S. continues, "as generally represented, a Heavenly Father, Mother, and Son would seem more rational." Further, "the above texts plainly show the simultaneous creation of man and woman and their equal importance in the development of the race."

After this one can imagine the depth of scorn that is poured upon the second or Jahvistic account of Creation and its story of the origin of woman in "a petty surgical operation." "It is on this allegory," says E. C. S. in a fine frenzy, "that all the enemies of woman rest their battering-rams to prove her inferiority." The explanation of the existence of the second version is simple. "It is evident," continues the editress, "that some wily writer, seeing the perfect equality of man and woman in the first chapter, felt it important for the dignity and dominion of man to effect woman's subordination in this way," and E. D. B. declares her opinion that "the second story was manipulated by some Jew in an endeavour to give heavenly authority for requiring a woman to obey the man she married." The story of the Fall meets with less reprobation. In fact, our commentators rather approve of it than otherwise. "We are," says E. C. S., "equally pleased with her (Eve's) attitude, whether as a myth in an allegory, or as the heroine of a historical occurrence. In this prolonged interview (with the serpent) the unprejudiced reader must be impressed with the courage, the dignity, and the lofty ambitions of the woman. The tempter evidently had a profound knowledge of human nature, and saw at a glance the high character of the person he met by chance in his walks in the garden. He did not try to tempt her from the path of duty by brilliant jewels, rich dresses, worldly luxuries or pleasures, but with the promise of knowledge, with the wisdom of the Gods. Like Socrates or Plato his powers of conversation and asking puzzling questions were no doubt marvellous, and he roused in the woman that intense thirst for knowledge that the simple pleasures of picking flowers and talking with Adam did not satisfy." From this, in spite of the grammar, we can gather that the Revising Committee rather look upon Eve as the pioneer of woman's emancipation. But even the Deity despises Adam, for while "it takes six verses to describe the 'fall' of woman, the fall of man is contemptuously dismissed in a line and a half." As for Adam's subsequent conduct, it was "to the last degree dastardly."

Thus do E. C. S., L. D. B., C. B. C. and the rest of the devoted band of Revisers uphold the glory of their sex through Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy. Here they expose another injustice to woman: "Although Eve and her daughters devoted their energies to this occupation (of child-bearing), yet the entire credit for the growth of the race is given to Adam and his male descendants." Here they dispose of

man's ridiculous pretensions to superior ability: "The paucity of light and air in this ancient vessel (the Ark) shows that woman had no part in its architecture, or a series of port holes would have been deemed indispensable." They indicate their opinion that "Abram" was something of a humbug, and that Sarah "lacked several of the cardinal virtues." It is, however, pointed out that on the two occasions when Sarah obeyed Abraham "God had to interfere with a miracle to save them from the results of that obedience, and both Abraham and Sarah were reproved, while twice, once by direct command of God, Abraham obeyed Sarah." As for the Egyptian episode, it shows that Abraham, "like many a modern millionaire, was not a self-made but a wife-made man." Rebekah does not win their entire admiration. "It was certainly a good test of her patience and humility to draw water for an hour, with a dozen men looking on at their ease and none offering help. The Rebekahs of 1895 would have promptly summoned the spectators to share their labours, even at the risk of sacrificing a desirable matrimonial alliance."

Space unfortunately will not permit us to refer more at length to the many other delightful and truly feminine observations in this work; but it is fitting that we should at this particular time note the tribute of American women to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, "who has carefully reared a large family while considering and signing all State papers." Nor can we take leave of the book without mentioning that in Chapter VII. we are told "the chief point of interest in this parable of Balaam and his ass is that the latter belonged to the female sex."

THE ROYAL NAVY.

"The Royal Navy: a History from the Earliest Times to the Present." By William Laird Clowes. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1897.

THOSE who have been accustomed to study Mr. Laird Clowes's writings must have long been aware that he was peculiarly qualified to carry out the gigantic task that he has undertaken. He has now given us the first instalment. He has long been notable for his accuracy and for his pertinacity in completing the tale of facts which he thought necessary to establish any position; and he has shown for a considerable number of years his capacity for sticking to the particular subjects on which he has chosen to found his reputation. It seemed likely from the beginning that he would ultimately gravitate towards undertaking the task of which we are now to judge by the first fruits; and it was not unlikely that if he did so he would take a just view of what was before him, and would understand what the character of such a work ought to be. His review of naval history in England is not unfaithful to the facts. There has been no attempt till now at a real history, except the two volumes of Sir Harris Nicolas, which Mr. Laird Clowes very properly commends. But he is again right in declaring that the task that author set himself was scarcely within the compass of an ordinary lifetime, and while he adopts his principle he takes care to guard himself from being carried away by it; and in associating with himself some of the best and most capable writers on particular branches of the history he secures power enough to give reasonable prospect of his whole plan being carried out. Sir Clements Markham for the later voyages and discoveries; Captain Mahan for the broader aspects of that critical time from 1763 to 1793, when it was not quite certain whether we had gained or lost in the naval position; Mr. W. H. Wilson for the earlier voyages and discoveries and the minor operations from 1763 to 1815; Mr. Roosevelt for the war of 1812; and Mr. Edward Fraser for some of the earlier military history—these are surely the very best choices that could have been made in the way of collaborators. I must express my sympathy with Mr. Laird Clowes and with Captain Mahan and Mr. Roosevelt in the strange and careless attack upon them which is mentioned in the preface. Surely no open-minded reader of Mahan can doubt his devotion to history because it is history, and the impossibility of his being diverted from the pursuit of his quarry by any considerations as to who will be pleased and who displeased. Even excusable prejudice has

failed, to turn him aside from getting a true view of Nelson; and we may hold him as safely chained to truth as any historian ever was. Any one acquainted with what had been written on both sides of the Atlantic about the war of 1812, and especially any naval officer, could scarcely peruse Mr. Roosevelt's story of it without a refreshing sense of relief, and a consciousness that some one doing his best to get at the truth was telling it. But to come to Mr. Laird Clowes's plan of the history. He admits that it is founded on that of Sir Harris Nicolas; and that author's idea was that, unless he showed what the navy was and how it was, his readers would not understand what it did and why it did it. He proposed to write a biography of the navy and to fill it with pictures by pen and pencil of what the subject of it was at different periods of its life, in order that the acts done might be justly weighed and compared. And this is what Mr. Laird Clowes has set about to do, and, judging by the volume now issued, will do with marked success. The arrangement in this volume, which I suppose will be carried out in the remaining four, is to begin each period with a chapter on what Mr. Laird Clowes calls the "Civil History," by which he means an account of the material and administrative condition of the navy, and the progress therein during that epoch. This is followed by a chapter on the "Military History"; that is, a recital of the acts performed by the service during the same period. The historical trilogy—if it be lawful somewhat to extend the meaning of the word—is completed by the voyages and discoveries of the period. I believe that the plan of pictorial illustration, which when well carried out is so extremely useful, is only found in this history and in that of Sir Harris Nicolas. But Mr. Laird Clowes is careful to tell us how we must use his illustrations. "In those days there were no people who, after following the sea and learning what ships were like, did as artistically inclined naval officers of the nineteenth century have done over and over again. The painter, the medallist, and the sculptor were landmen; and we are no wiser in trusting their versions of what ships were like than we should be in trusting a modern North Sea fisherman's version of what some totally unfamiliar instrument, such as a pulsometer or a polariscope, is like." Still he is right to give us the best contemporary illustrations obtainable, and they will not mislead us if we understand what was in the mind of the draughtsman. It was a good thought to introduce drawings and details of the ship discovered in Norway in 1880. It strongly confirms the general truth of the representations in the Bayeux tapestry, even though they were the work of women. All this "Civil History" appears to be very full and well done, with all the scrupulous accuracy and untiring investigation which Mr. Laird Clowes has always exhibited. Doubtless the civil history of the navy before the Norman invasion, together with the military history and the progress of discovery, relate more particularly to antiquarian questions regarding the art of navigation, and are more interesting from that point of view than when regarded as the germs of the modern navy. But Mr. Wilson drops little diamonds of interest when he recounts unquestionable evidence of a widespread commerce in these far-off days. As the time progresses so does the interest increase, and so, apparently, does the discrimination and the care taken to correctly represent the facts and their connexions. Of especial interest is the naval part of the story of Richard's expedition to the Holy Land, because we here begin to get reliable information as to the nature of the fleet, its conduct, and its fighting methods. A little farther on, and dealing with the contests between England and France in 1217, Mr. Laird Clowes does not neglect the promise he had made in his preface to follow up a practice adopted—as he is good enough to say—from Captain Mahan and myself, that is of extracting the philosophy of naval history from its events. And so, detailing the defeat of the French under Eustace the Monk off the South Foreland by Hubert de Burgh, he observes:—"Here was another example of French ignorance or neglect of the laws of the influence of sea-power. It is true that the potential fleet on this occasion was a small one, of less than half the numerical strength of that

which Eustace commanded; but even an inferior fleet must always be regarded as a potential one until it has been either beaten or safely sealed up in port; and no admiral is justified, no matter how great his strength, in deliberately endeavouring to carry out some ulterior operation, such as the landing of troops or the throwing ashore of supplies, while any hostile fleet, no matter how apparently feeble, exists free and unbeaten in his neighbourhood." This is truly the philosophy of the case he had in hand; it is excellently put, and the author is to be congratulated on his invention of the phrase "potential fleet." It will not give rise to the misapprehensions which Torrington's term "the fleet in being" has been found to awaken. The period from 1485 to 1603 is in its three parts full of interest. Embracing the defeat of the Spanish Armada, a fourth chapter is added which treats it fully. The work of the Spanish author Captain Duro and the abundant labours of Professor Laughton have put very full materials for describing the episode into the author's hands; but he has taken care not to lose sight of Motley, and justly acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. W. F. Tilton, of Newport, Rhode Island, who has been a close critic of all that has hitherto been published on this matter. The account is very full and complete; but I miss those reflections on the philosophy of the whole business that I think would have been apposite, especially on the vexed question of how much or how little the Dutch blockade of Alva contributed to take the heart out of Medina Sidonia and his officers. Mr. Laird Clowes has probably reserved himself in treating of the civil and material condition and history of the navy up to the Armada period. He has lightly used Monson, but has left his full and interesting accounts to apply them to the period of his later career. Still an immense quantity of material is brought together to enable us to judge of what the navy was at the time; and not the least quaintly interesting matter is the extract from the satirical "Complaynt of Scotland," which is by way of giving us a vision of a war ship weighing and putting to sea in the year 1548. Much of it is inexplicable, but the orders, "Haul aft the mainsail sheet," "Mate, keep full and by," have a not unfamiliar ring in them, though they are three centuries and a half old. The real military history of the navy as a navy here begins, and Mr. Laird Clowes has rightly not been afraid to give up 163 pages to it; but yet he has been compelled to take much of it in presto time which we should have been glad to see marked adagio. The volume closes with Sir Clements Markham's story of the voyages and discoveries up to the Armada. On his own familiar ground he could not be other than admirable, and his familiarity with the whole history of discovery enables him to say what ought to be said and to leave out what ought to be left out. I believe I have but one fault to find with this work, and that is its size and weight. For libraries of reference, to which I suppose the bulk of this edition will be speedily consigned, size is rather the reverse of objectionable, but I trust the publishers have a handier edition up their sleeves. The size has doubtless been determined by the plates, and they form a good excuse for it. They are excellent reproductions; the portraits especially so. There is much more character in the faces than one usually sees taken away from the original portraits. The general conception I form of the work from this first volume is that it will be one of national and enduring importance, reflecting especial honour and credit on Mr. Laird Clowes, and generally on all who are concerned in its production. P. H. COLOMB.

CANADA: FROM CABOT TO CONFEDERATION.

"Canada." By J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L.
"Story of the Nations" Series. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1897.

DR. BOURINOT'S story of Canada appears at an opportune moment. In Canada and in England preparations are in progress for celebrating the first voyage of John Cabot, who set out from Bristol in the spring of 1497 and discovered North America. A

popular account of the four hundred years of Canadian history should therefore be acceptable to the large number of people who will be interested in the commemoration. Nor could a better authority than Dr. Bourinot be found to write such a history. His knowledge is all that could be desired, and if his literary gifts were on a par with his information the story of Canada would be wholly admirable. But Dr. Bourinot's matter is superior to his manner.

Canadian history is roughly divisible into three parts: first, discovery and exploration, from Cabot to de Monts; second, the French occupation and settlement of Acadia (now Nova Scotia), and Canada (now Quebec); third, the capture of Canada by Great Britain and the development of her history on the lines of dual nationality. Why England did not follow up the discovery made on her behalf by Cabot is a mystery. Frenchmen did what Englishmen should have done. During the sixteenth century they explored the eastern coasts and rivers of the northern part of North America, and in the seventeenth, dreamed of establishing a Transatlantic Empire. Events seemed to justify the ambitious programme which France mapped out, and down to the middle of the eighteenth century "the struggle for dominion in the great valleys of North America" resulted in more than one brilliant French victory. Dr. Bourinot, despite his repeated assurance that space does not permit him to go as fully into events as he would like, is at times rather unnecessarily encyclopædic in regard to the men and the places concerned in the duel between France and England. But when he reaches the crucial point, about the beginning of the second half of the eighteenth century, he writes almost with enthusiasm and leaves an indelible picture on the reader's mind of the climax which came in the deaths of Wolfe and Montcalm on the plains of Abraham. Familiar as the story must be, it is one which Englishmen can never read unmoved. Dr. Bourinot's treatment of it is at once dramatic and realistic. In capturing Quebec, Wolfe accomplished by a combination of strategy and daring a feat which would have been deemed impossible had it not been actually performed.

Hardly less stirring than the taking of Quebec is the story of the United Empire Loyalists, who gave up comfortable homes and prosperity for the sake of sovereign and country. They faced the hardships and privations which penniless emigrants endure rather than be a party to the separation of the American Colonies from the Mother-country. Few more pathetic stories are told than that of the exile of the Loyalists from their homes, of their trials and struggles in the valley of the St. Lawrence, which was then a wilderness. "In the history of this continent it can be only compared with the melancholy chapter which relates the removal of the French population from their beloved Acadia," when the English, in order to secure the safety of Nova Scotia, ruthlessly expelled Frenchmen who were not prepared to take an unconditional oath of allegiance. Canadian loyalty to Great Britain, exhibited in 1776-83, and confirmed in 1812-15, is explicable partly on the ground of the patriotism of the British section of her population, and partly on the ground of her adherence to the terms under which France finally surrendered the country. Canadian history during the first sixty years of the present century alternated between raids on the frontier, misgovernment, and rebellion; the Constitution of 1791, which separated the Upper and Lower Canadas—British and French respectively—after various crises, was abrogated in 1840; the provinces were united, and given larger measures of autonomy, the way being prepared for the confederate constitution of 1867. Dr. Bourinot practically concludes his story with the entrance into the Dominion of Prince Edward Island in 1873. He gives some useful notes about the men who were responsible for the outbreaks which marked the struggle of Canada from bureaucracy to democracy and dominion. The final chapter is an essay on the French Canadian. If among the inhabitants of Quebec the aspiration to create a "Nation Canadienne" no longer exists, the explanation is that the three planks in the French Canadian platform, "Nos institutions, notre langue, et nos lois," have been respected. The French Canadian enjoys privileges that neither the Stars and Stripes nor the Tricolour

would confer. The story which Dr. Bourinot tells shows that Great Britain is as capable of mistakes as any other Power, but it also shows that she is more capable than others—in Colonial matters, at any rate—of profiting by experience.

OXFORD CATHEDRAL.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"Oxford, the Cathedral and the See." By the Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A. London: George Bell & Sons. 1897.

THE "Cathedral Church of Christ in Oxford" has long come to be considered rather as an annexe of "the House" than as having a dignity and independence of its own. Its squat and humble spire, "one of the earliest (perhaps the very first) ever built in England," seems to acknowledge its lowly station and to submit meekly to the tyranny of Tom Quad and Tom Tower, which it knows are reckoned so much more important than itself. And it is to be admitted that Oxford Cathedral has not much importance, architectural or otherwise, apart from its antiquity and its associations. Naturally its latest biographer, the Rev. Percy Dearmer, who writes as "one who has learnt the best of what he knows within Christ Church walls," is not wholly able to forget that the Cathedral Church was really his College Chapel much more than the centre of the Bishopric of Oxford, and when he writes lovingly of its beauties it is in the spirit of a son who seeks to exalt a humble belonging of his benign parent.

It is only in its earlier period that Oxford Cathedral can be dissociated from Christ Church College. Built apparently by Ethelred the Unready on the site of St. Frideswide's, it remains a monument of the massacre of St. Brice's Day, when the Danes were killed by the West Saxons and the tower of St. Frideswide, in which the Danes of Oxford had taken refuge, was burnt with them to the ground. Some remains of the eighth-century Saxon church have recently been discovered as part of the wall of the Cathedral by Mr. J. Park Harrison, and Mr. Dearmer has availed himself to the full of Mr. Harrison's labours, which have placed the early history of the building on a much surer footing. In particular he seems to have established the fact that the present Cathedral is the one built by Ethelred, and does not date, as was previously supposed, from after the Conquest. No doubt its unusual size and magnificence, for Saxon times, were due to the influence of the Court of Normandy, Richard-le-Bon, Ethelred's brother-in-law, having begun about the same time to build the Abbey of Fécamp. The new church does not seem to have been quite finished, however, and under Harold it fell into an almost ruinous condition. Robert of Cricklade, the second prior, probably completed the building and obtained from the only Pope England can boast, Nicholas Brakespear, the confirmation of the privileges of the Priory. Since his time the history of the building is one mainly of restorations, reparations and demolitions. Wolsey, the creator of Christ Church College, which would now, no doubt, had he not fallen, have been known as "Cardinal College," began the degradation of the Cathedral. Tom Quad swallowed up the three western bays, and since the great Cardinal's time his foundation has lorded it over the Church and the See. The various restorations have not done the building much harm, nor did the Civil War do much damage to anything save the stained glass in the windows, in spite of Oxford's position as a bone of contention betwixt the Parliament and the King. "Indeed," as Mr. Dearmer remarks, "in this orderly country a great deal more damage has been done by lawful authority than by popular riots." The loss of the old stained glass has been amply made up for in these latter days by the magnificent windows by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, which are now the chiefest glory of the Cathedral.

Mr. Dearmer's descriptions of the architectural and other features of the Cathedral are admirably clear and succinct. No one could demand a better guide than he supplies, and, like the rest of this excellent series of

monographs on the great English cathedrals, the book is well illustrated and accurate, not too technical but just technical enough. There is, further, an interesting history of the foundation, telling amongst other things of the spoliation of the Priory by Wolsey in order to endow his College with its revenues, another instance of the tyranny of Tom Quad. After Wolsey's fall, Henry VIII. refounded the College as his own, and after the Reformation as the Royal College it became what it still remains, "the special home of the gilded youth." Its Deans have not on the whole been very distinguished, Brian Duppa under Charles I. and Dean Liddell in our own time being the most notable. The history of the present See of Oxford, which dates only from Henry VIII.'s time, is marked by the wanton and wicked destruction of Oseney Abbey by that monarch. This, the first Cathedral Church of Oxford and one of the finest Abbeys in England, was the seat of the bishopric from 1542, so that here again the spire of Christ Church has reason to hide its diminished head, for it is but an interloper that has stepped into a place made vacant by a frightful act of Vandalism. Mr. Dearmer has done his best to assert the importance of Oxford's Cathedral, but his own feeling for his College and inexorable truth compel him to reveal its dependence and its comparative insignificance.

ZALMA.

"Zalma." By T. M. Ellis. London: Ash Partners. 1897.

"ZALMA," that strange and wonderful book by Mr. T. Mullett Ellis, has reached a second and illustrated edition, well printed and with a symbolical cover befitting the weird things within the book. The English in which it is written is weird too at times, but no one will deny to Mr. Ellis an extraordinary fertility of invention, and when he has learnt to chasten his style and to curb his imagination a little, he will be able perhaps to do more important work. Zalma, the Anarchist's daughter, with her scheme for destroying the whole population of the world at one stroke by cultivating the anthrax bacillus in tubs, and sprinkling it out of balloons upon poor doomed man, is a young person of more than doubtful morality and undoubted insanity, but one follows her adventures with a certain amount of interest to the end. The illustrations might have been better, even after due allowance has been made for the difficulty an artist labours under when he has to represent a lady so transcendently beautiful as the heroine.

THE DREAMS OF DANIA.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"The Dreams of Dania." By Frederick Langbridge. London: James Bowden. 1897.

EVERY now and again (the occasions are somewhat rare) Mr. Langbridge reveals the possession of a theme that was worthy of more serious treatment than he has seen fit to employ. The reviewer, therefore, must either ignore the rare occasions, acquiesce in the general low level and pass the book on as "readable," or else, keeping his eye on the rare occasions, he must raise the voice of complaint. The latter alternative is perhaps the more complimentary. Mr. Langbridge, then, shows his want of seriousness in two ways, both deplorable and one inexcusable. For an author commits the unpardonable sin when he deliberately goes out of his way to spoil, by some tasteless piece of levity, a good moment that is clearly in his possession. Here is an instance. Dania is a young girl sincerely convinced that she has a genius for literature. "To strive to write one perfect page—that is my work." As a matter of fact her prose is surreptitious blank verse about "green lush deeps" and "wandering wanness." Her lover, Gerard, regretting that so false an obsession should keep her in the world of dreams, blind to her old father's sufferings, is more than unsympathetic with Dania's "work." In his absence, Standish, an impoverished man of letters, scenting the approach of a fortune as yet unknown to Dania, fools the girl to the top of her bent, and with his appreciation of her genius

wins her from Gerard. Dania's old father has a stroke, and, in his half-witted sickness, cannot bear his daughter's presence. But through all her terrible trouble, the girl knows the ineffable comfort of Standish's love, and one evening she has the pleasure of writing to him that she is a rich woman. His regretful reply to her "golden news" is Dania's comfort for many weeks. Now here is a pathetic situation if there ever was one, and Mr. Langbridge evidently thinks so. He tells how the very affectation of Standish's letter seemed, in its way, a fine thing to the girl, and how she put the letter "into her handkerchief drawer. It was lavender to make everything about it sweet." But he cannot tell the pretty thing she did without an idiotic guffaw over a thing she did not. Here is his paragraph as it stands:—"She put that letter, not into her bosom—that receptacle in old novels, and in some new ones, of all souvenirs under the dimensions of a barrel of oysters, but into her handkerchief drawer. It was lavender to make everything about it sweet." Then, after a few ironical lines, which are a relief from the ruinous joke, but still would be better away, he recovers himself completely with "She can lean out of her window now and hear the thrushes begin, and see the world growing into light." Then he exclaims, "Ah me! those letters that girls kiss! Those photographs. . . . If they only knew! ah, if they only knew!" What a funny creature Mr. Langbridge must be not to feel that this reflection is a commonplace, within the reach of any fool, which is bound to destroy the pungency of an actual moment which every fool could not see! And he does not always clown in this fashion. When, in the first chapter, Dania reads her silly allegory to Gerard, Mr. Langbridge describes the girl's sincere emotion over her bad work with admirable gravity. He is quite tender and simple here; he does not laugh, or so much as smile, at the tremor in the girl's voice, the lingering love with which she tastes the happy epithets and the fortunate turns. It is more excusable, though no less deplorable, that Mr. Langbridge should lack the strength that enables a man to develop his theme from inside, and without recourse to well-worn machinery. Dania's disillusion, for instance, is worthy of grave treatment; but Mr. Langbridge turns it off, quite ineffectively, by an easy recourse to a *canard* in the papers, and an overheard conversation. Dania's bitter realization of the fact that Gerard took the right view after all is well conceived; but their reunion is too easily worked by means of an anonymous volume and a style chastened by trouble.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SPORT.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"The Encyclopædia of Sport." Part III. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, &c. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1897.

THE third part of "The Encyclopædia of Sport" illustrates even more notably than its predecessors the catholic and comprehensive character of the work. The articles range from Bowling to Boxing, and from Bullfighting—apologetically introduced, but treated in great detail—to the innocent pursuit of Butterfly-collecting. It is a good number in every respect, with interesting subjects and the piquancy of variety. Among animals we have the bustard, the boar and the buffalo, the capercaillie and the caribou. The bustard, as we know, is extinct in England; but he still gives good sport in the South of Spain. The capercaillie, supposed to have been indigenous in Scotland, exterminated and naturalized again by the late Lord Breadalbane, bids fair, we fear, to become a nuisance in some districts, thanks to its taste for the top shoots of the young firs. The South African buffalo that once swarmed in the Transvaal and Matabeleland has been well-nigh banished to the malarious swamps among the head-waters of rivers approached from the Portuguese settlements; and it is explained that the best and cheapest way of penetrating his haunts is in a native boat, decked fore and aft, though the sport must be almost as risky to health as shooting his fierce congeners in the more pestilential Ganges Delta. As

for the caribou, it is frankly owned that a good deal is still to be learned about him. For the range of that fortunate animal is with the musk-ox in the barren grounds stretching beyond the Arctic Circle, and his *habitat*, for the most part, is practically inaccessible. With regard to the boar, we congratulate the editors on having been discreetly brief on the inexhaustible and seductive theme of "pig-sticking," as to which there is nothing fresh to be said. There is a lengthy contribution on Canoeing, illustrated by many sketches and diagrams; but undoubtedly the articles of most practical value are those by experts on "Camping Out" in South Africa, India, and North America, the moral being that the adventurer should steer the happy mean between savage simplicity of outfit and elaborate patent devices which are so many disheartening snares for the unwary.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE new number of the "Quarterly" opens appropriately with a short article on Queen Victoria. It is a little Jubilee appreciation, which might serve as a model to others who propose to deal with this subject. It is devoid of the cheap and fulsome gush (worthy of the lady fashion-writer) which has come welling up from the bosoms of most of the Jubilee writers we have made acquaintance with. An article on the Psalms in History demands no lengthy discussion. The late Master of Balliol occupies a considerable space. The "subtle influence of Bishop Wilberforce" has ceased to permeate these respectable pages. The reviewer is sympathetic, even to excess. But he is peculiar. His first point is that Mendelssohn's grandfather is the person whose character was "inwardly analogous" to Jowett's. It is stimulating to meet a man who knows this "grandfather of the great composer." Next, over four pages, he discusses the profound truth that Dr. Johnson was the Master's prototype. It is true that Jowett read his Boswell fifty times, and always meant to "undertake the vindication of Boswell as genius and as man." But, unless the reviewer means that there is a J in Johnson as also in Jowett, or has forgotten to say that the two men resembled each other in their points of divergence, and differed most in their points of similarity, we for our part do not understand the comparison. Lastly, the authors of the "Life and Letters" will be glad to learn that the method of their performance is not approved by the "Quarterly." But, after all, this is a kindly critic, an appreciative soul. He points out nothing (except as already quoted) which is not in the book itself; and this is the best testimony to the completeness of the Life reviewed. The writer of a readable article on "Modern French Art" comes to the conclusion that there has been a great advance in actual craftsmanship in France during the last thirty years—that "the Paris-trained artist of to-day paints with a sureness of hand, a skill and completeness, the like of which has never been seen before." The notice of Mr. Egerton Castle's selection from the Jerningham Letters contains most of the plums of a correspondence covering the period between the dawn of the French Revolution and the early years of the Victorian era by a "mind-life" which in its day was of some social importance. The next article, "Crime in England," deals nominally with a subject of great and pressing importance. "Nominally," we say, for unfortunately the title is a complete misnomer. Instead of a calm, careful, scientific review of the facts, we have a thinly disguised and still more thinly reasoned polemic against Board schools. No doubt it is true, as the reviewer contends, that the optimistic notions with regard to the diminution of crime which were in vogue until quite recently cannot be justified by statistics. It is true, but certainly not news, for Mr. Morrison convinced every one who was open to conviction three or four years ago. The article appears to have been written before the appearance of Mr. Morrison's latest book, which was noticed recently in our columns. This is all the more unfortunate because a perusal of "The Juvenile Offender" might have suggested to the writer of the article other and better reasons for the prevalence of crime than the one which seems to him so all-sufficient—the spread of education unaccompanied by the formularies of the Established Church. The reviewer of the Badminton volume of the "Poetry of Sport" is fully alive to the shortcomings of Mr. Hedley Peck's selection, which, the reader may be reminded, forms the concluding issue of a most admirable, if unequal, series. In the paper on Lamennais there is not a little fustian, but it is still a good article, and does justice to a great Frenchman who nowadays receives less attention than he deserves. In appraising the net value of this contribution, apart from its literary excellence, it would be as well to make some allowance for the writer's fervour, which he seems to have caught from his subject. The carefully written review of Professor Lloyd Morgan's psychological works is an interesting study. The day is now long past in which directly abusive attacks upon Darwinian interpretations of nature were possible. The fulminating rhetoric of dogmatic ignorance is silent: and Protestant Churchmen, instead of hurling texts at the heads of Darwinians, have fallen

into a sulky acquiescence. The restless intelligence of Rome perennial, discreet and patient, apparently facile, subtle, insistent, pervades this article, and any one who would enjoy a masterpiece of dialectic must read here how the latest results of science are shown to be a restatement of Aristotle, a tardy return to the metaphysics of the Church. One of the most interesting statements the reviewer makes is that he has not "the slightest inclination to deny" that "life naturally and spontaneously arose from the inorganic world." He is more concerned with establishing the occurrence of "breaches of continuity" in the evolution of organisms, and especially with the breach of continuity between the relation-perceiving intelligence of man and the "consentience" of the animal mind, and still more with his theory that all the extended world from minerals to man consists of coalescences of "active immaterial forms" with portions and quantities of matter. Our chief fault with the article is that it is much more occupied with exposition of the reviewer's own metaphysics than with description or criticism of Lloyd Morgan's interesting investigations. But it is good reading, and if there is a reviewer besides Mr. St. George Mivart with the same combination of anatomical knowledge, dialectic acuteness and suave orthodoxy, we should be glad to know his name. Another article deserving of commendation for its level-headed appreciation of a man who has laboured long and hard and not without sacrifice in the service of history, is that on Francis Parkman, the good American who "never forgets what he owes to England." A crisp, bright article is that on "The Rise of the German Infantry," even if the title be a somewhat misleading one. The German infantry were not at their best till 1870, and we are taken no further on the way here than 1586. But what we have been given is excellent, and the author displays wide reading and a close acquaintance with his subject without the least flavour of either pedantry or prosiness. Most fascinating is the story of the Landsknechts, and it is told in a style that matches the subject well. Many of our most cherished military institutions have had their origin amid these soldiers of fortune, who feared the "Provost," ran the gauntlet, and fired three volleys over their comrades' graves centuries ago. George von Frundsberg, as a typical Landsknecht, occupies a large space, and no one will grudge it to him, for surely a man can never have been more clearly intended by nature for an adventurer than was he. We remember him in this country because of a single anecdote which has handed down his words to Luther on his entrance to the Diet of Worms. He will interest us now also because we learn that he was once the chief of Mindelheim, which principality devolved for a time on another celebrated adventurer, John, Duke of Marlborough, to wit. The last article, on the Political Situation, has for its text the strong feeling of disquietude, if not of dissatisfaction, which recently pervaded the Unionist party in the country. That discontent, which was real enough in its character if insufficient in its causes while it lasted, has now, we may suppose, almost entirely disappeared, and those zealous partisans who were loudest in lecturing the Government on its shortcomings have no doubt convinced themselves that the credit for the improved feeling is due to them alone. The "Quarterly" believes that the dissatisfaction was in large measure the inevitable result of any change of Government and the fruit of an impatience arising from ignorance of parliamentary procedure. For one thing, new Governments are expected to work miracles—in other words, to carry out their promises; and for another, it is impossible to convince the inexperienced onlooker of the many opportunities offered by the procedure of Parliament for wasting time and delaying legislation, however manifestly beneficial. But this does not account for the discontent in the House. The reviewer's opinion of Mr. Balfour as leader of the party in the Commons may be inferred from his remark that "if you put a racehorse in the shafts, you cannot in fairness expect from him that he will either always pull steadily or never kick over the traces." He grows almost enthusiastic in his defence of Lord Salisbury's policy in relation to Eastern affairs, and says he has shown himself to be the most indispensable man in Europe. But is it quite correct to say, in reference to the conduct of the leading Radical papers during the grave crisis through which we are passing, that "they have set an example of patriotism which the chiefs of the party have unhappily not followed"? Perhaps the reviewer declines to accept the "Daily Chronicle" as a leading Radical organ? The only ground of dissatisfaction which the "Quarterly" has to find with the Unionist Government is its treatment of Ireland, and especially the land-owning class, which, it says, labours under a grave injustice of which the English people as a whole have no conception.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

Aphroessa (George Horton). Unwin. 3s. 6d.
As We Sow (Christopher Hare). Osgood. 3s. 6d.
Belgravia (May).
Bernuda and the Tropics, Glimpses of Life in (M. Newton). Digby, Long. 6s.
Bible, The: its Meaning and Supremacy (E. W. Farrar). Longmans. 15s.
Birds of Our Islands (F. A. Fulcher). Melrose. 3s. 6d.
Blackwood's Magazine (May).
Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine, The (May).
Circumstantial Evidence (J. H. Swingle). Digby, Long. 3s. 6d.
Complete Cyclist, The (Pemberton, Williamson, &c.) 12nes. 5s.
Contemporary Review, The (May).

Cornhill Magazine, The (May).
 Craiktrees (Watson Dyke). Unwin. 6s.
 Departmental Ditties (5th Edition) (Rudyard Kipling). Thacker.
 Dome, The. Unicorn Press. 1s.
 Domestic Service (L. M. Salmon). Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
 Dreams of Dania, The (Frederick Langbridge). Bowden. 3s. 6d.
 Elocution and the Dramatic Art (C. R. Taylor). Bell. 3s. 6d.
 Encyclopedia of Sport, The (Part 3). Lawrence & Bullen. 2s.
 England, The Annals of (G. N. Hester). Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.
 English Lyric Poetry (F. I. Carpenter). Blackie.
 Fads of an Old Physician (G. S. Keith). Black. 2s. 6d.
 Fault of One, The (E. A. Rowlands). Kegan Paul.
 Genealogical Magazine, The (May).
 Great Want of the Age, The (W. J. Stevenson). Neville Beerman. 1s.
 Harper's Monthly Magazine (May).
 Herodotus. Book III. (Thompson & Hayes.) Clive. 4s. 6d.
 Ill-gotten Gold (W. G. Tarbet). Cassell. 6s.
 Is the Earth a Planet? (C. Robertson). St. Giles Printing Company. 2s.
 Jeremiah (R. G. Moulton). Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
 Jewish Quarterly Review, The (April).
 Juridical Review, The (April).
 Queen's Reign for Children, The (W. Clarke Hall). Unwin. 2s. 6d.
 Lady's Realm, The (May).
 La Fille aux Yeux d'Or (Honoré de Balzac). Smithers.
 Limbo and other Essays (Vernon Lee). Richards. 5s.
 London Society (May).
 Longman's Magazine (May).
 Low's Handbook to the Charities of London, 1896-97. Sampson Low. 1s. 6d.
 Macmillan's Magazine (May).
 Mankind, The History of (Part 18) (F. Ratzel). Macmillan. 1s.
 Matabele Campaign, 1896, The (R. S. S. Baden-Powell). Methuen. 15s.
 Minion of the Moon, The (T. W. Speight). Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.
 National Review, The (May).
 National Union Gleamings (April).
 Naval and Military Trophies (Parts 7 and 8). Nimmo.
 New Review, The (May).
 Nineteenth Century, The (May).
 Our Wills and Fates (Katherine Wyld). Osgood. 6s.
 Out of her Shroud (H. Ochiltree). Black. 6s.
 Pamirs and the Source of the Oxus, The (G. N. Curzon). Stanford. 6s.
 Paradise Lost (Book II.) (F. Gorse). Blackie. 1s.
 Parent's Assistant, The (Maria Edgeworth). Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
 Paul's Stepmother (Lady Troubridge). Richards. 3s. 6d.
 Platiudes of a Pessimist, The (By the Author of "The Life of a Pig"). Kegan Paul.
 Progressive Review, The (May).
 Quarterly Review, The (April).
 Queen's Empire, The (Part 1).
 Rochester: the Cathedral and See (G. H. Palmer). Bell.
 Rocks, Rock-weathering and Soils (G. P. Merrill). Macmillan. 17s.
 Ruby Blythe (W. J. Tate). Digby, Long.
 Russian Wild Flower, A (E. A. Brayley Hodgetts). Macqueen.
 Saints, The Lives of the (S. Baring Gould). Nimmo. 5s.
 St. Nicholas (May).
 Scottish Union Question, The Early History of the (G. W. T. Omond). Oliphant. 2s. 6d.
 Thucydides, Book VI. (E. C. Marchant). Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
 University Magazine, The (May).
 White Slaves of England, The (R. H. Sherard). Bowden. 2s. 6d.
 Without Issue (Henry Cresswell). Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

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